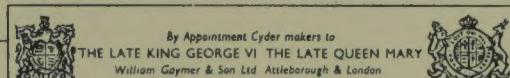


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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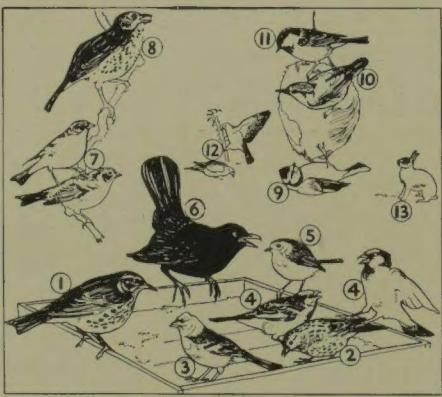
EDITED BY
JAMES FISHERNO
2

FEBRUARY Birds



FEBRUARY is usually the cruel month — the cold month — the month of testing, in which our wild birds scrape the bottom of Nature's barrel. Birds need shelter, it is true, but most of all they need fuel to survive; and in a snow-bound February, when the ground is ice-hard, even the shyest will visit the bird-table. The redwing (1), winter visitor from Scandinavia, and our shy resident hedge-sparrow (2) will brave the competition of the more aggressive 'regulars' at the feast — cock chaffinch (3), cock house-sparrow (4), robin (5) and blackbird (6). Waiting their turn are cock bramblings (7), winterers from Scandinavia whose normal beech-mast fodder is snowed over, and a song-thrush (8). The cocoanut shell is larded with fat (cocoanut itself can be dangerously indigestible) and its visitors are blue-tit (9), nuthatch (10) and coal-tit (11). The weather has driven wood-pigeon (12) and hare (13) into the open sprouts-patch.

Painted by Maurice Wilson in collaboration with Rowland Hilder



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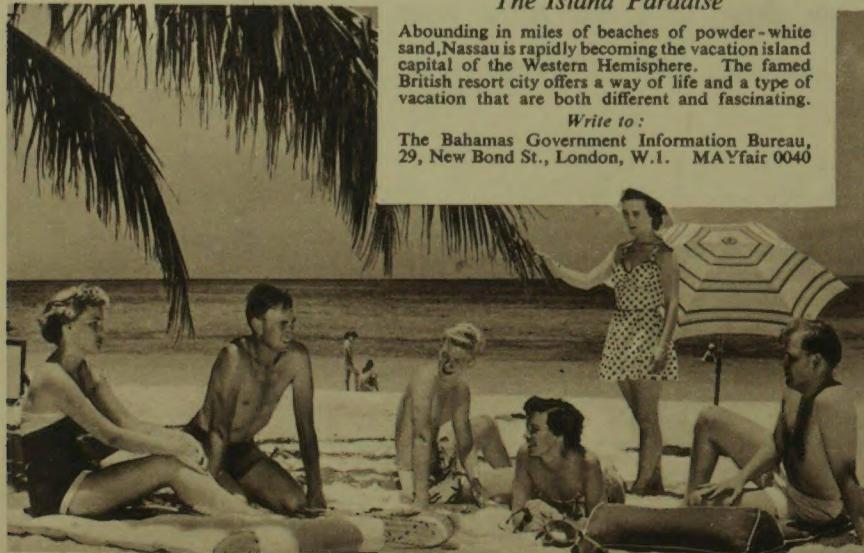
PERLON 0200 JT, strapless model without bodice 13/11

ELASTI-STEP-600 P, a most fashionable girdle in fine elastic fabric, with front panel of PERLON. Also with elastic cross-bands giving special flexibility and maximum comfort when walking 62/3

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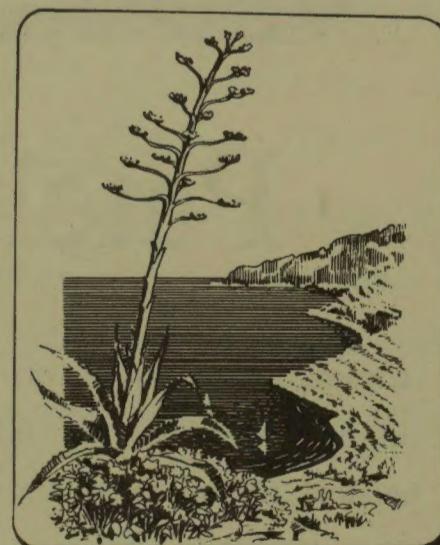
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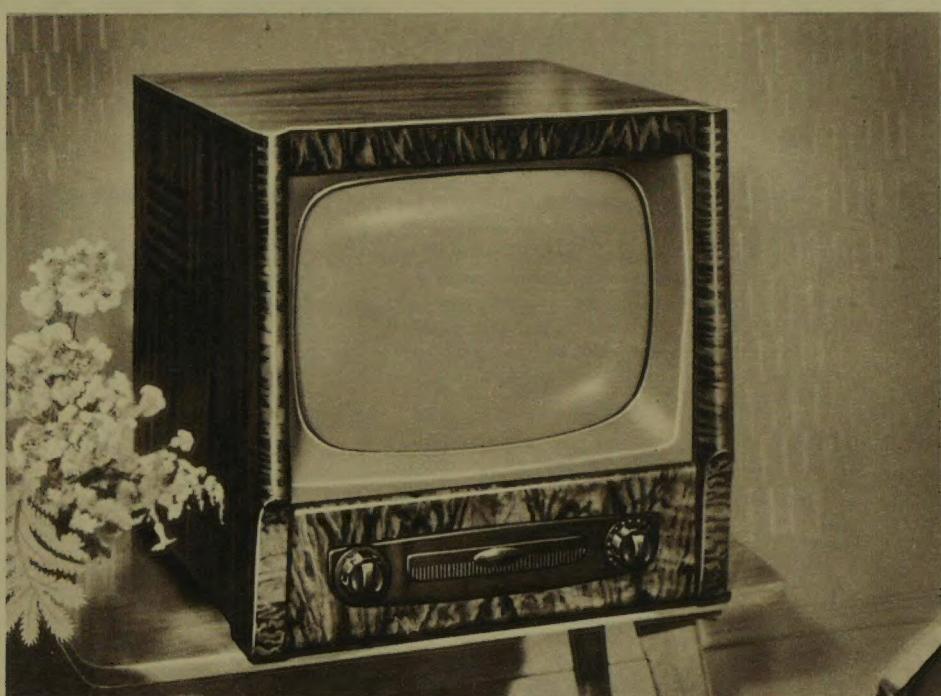
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*..and here are two of the many models
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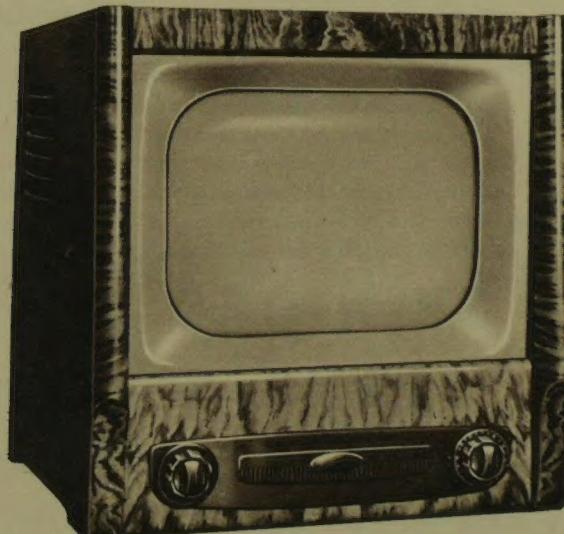


Illustrated with Lady Barnett is the 1755T—a 17" Table Television 17 valve receiver ensuring brilliant reception of B.B.C. and (when and where available) sponsored programmes. Fully automatic **IMPROVED PICTURE CONTROL** and 'SYNCROLOCK' are among the new and exclusive R.G.D. features, and the cabinet is of magnificent walnut veneers.

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Saxton's Map of Scotland, 1583

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The care taken over the past century is amply repaid to-day. All over the world men recognize the personality of their favourite Scotch—Ballantine's—the superb Scotch.



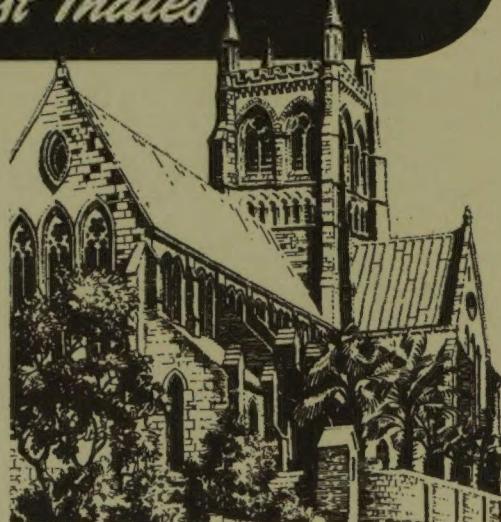
Ballantine's

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THE INVISIBLE ENEMY



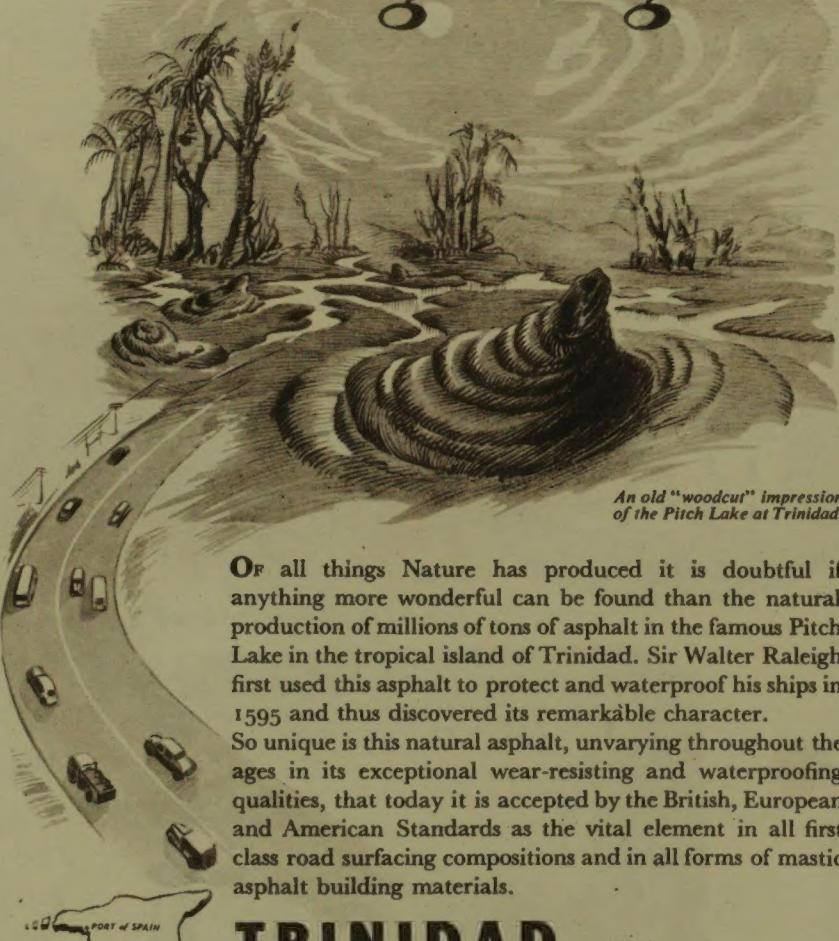
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In the Beginning...



An old "woodcut" impression of the Pitch Lake at Trinidad.

Of all things Nature has produced it is doubtful if anything more wonderful can be found than the natural production of millions of tons of asphalt in the famous Pitch Lake in the tropical island of Trinidad. Sir Walter Raleigh first used this asphalt to protect and waterproof his ships in 1595 and thus discovered its remarkable character. So unique is this natural asphalt, unvarying throughout the ages in its exceptional wear-resisting and waterproofing qualities, that today it is accepted by the British, European and American Standards as the vital element in all first class road surfacing compositions and in all forms of mastic asphalt building materials.



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British Insurance Offices



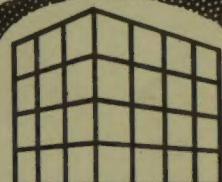
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gives you outer walls in days!**

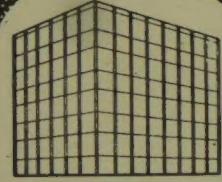
*If you want your new building finished faster—
EARNING sooner—
discuss Wallspan with your architect.*

What is Wallspan? A means of providing walls in an incredibly short space of time. Since the weight of a modern building is carried on the framework, the walls are left with two main jobs to do. They must keep cold and wet out, and heat in. At the same time, they must give the building an appearance that both the architect and the owner are proud of. Wallspan does all this extremely well and with the added advantage of getting walls up very quickly.

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Wallspan starts here
This is the stage at which Williams & Williams fixing teams move in to put up the Wallspan wall.



The grid goes up
The vertical and horizontal components are put in place. Each bar takes about 4 minutes to fix.



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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1955.



BON VOYAGE! AS PRINCESS MARGARET TURNS TO WAVE FROM THE DOORWAY OF "CANOPUS," THE QUEEN AND THE QUEEN MOTHER WAVE HER GODSPEED, AT LONDON AIRPORT ON JANUARY 31.

As dark clouds lowered over London Airport, H.R.H. Princess Margaret left in the airliner "Canopus" for the first stage of her Caribbean tour, flying by way of Montreal and Jamaica to Trinidad. The Queen Mother drove with her to the airport and the Queen, with the Duke of Edinburgh, drove down in another car to see her off. At the airport she was met by the Commandant, Sir John D'Albiac, the Transport Minister, Mr. Boyd Carpenter, and Sir Miles Thomas, the chairman

of B.O.A.C. There was a large crowd in the airport enclosure to see her leave. Our photograph shows the Queen (extreme left), the Duke of Edinburgh and the Queen Mother (with a light-coloured fur) at the moment before Princess Margaret turned into the airliner. She later waved from the window of the aircraft; and the Queen and the Duke climbed to the roof of the Royal lounge to see "Canopus" roar away down the runway, and up, and out of sight.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A FEW weeks before Christmas there appeared in the English Press a number of reports from South Africa about the sentence passed by a Johannesburg court on a Zulu sergeant of police and a white girl—said to have been brought up among the Zulus—allegedly for marrying in defiance of a colour-bar law. One of these reports, sent to a British national daily paper by its correspondent in South Africa, read as follows:

JOHANNESBURG, WEDNESDAY: A white girl and her Zulu husband were sentenced to four months' jail to-day for breaking a colour-bar law which forbids mixed marriages. She is 22-year-old Regina Brooks. She calls herself Linda Mallinga, wears an African shawl and headcloth, and speaks only Zulu. Her husband is Police-Sergeant Richard Kumalo. They have a coloured baby, Tandi. Linda is expecting a second child.

The couple were freed on bail, pending an appeal. Thousands of cheering Africans surrounded them and shouted protests against the sentences. Flying squad police drove their cars headlong into the crowd. The only casualty was an African policeman whose foot was run over.

To-night white hostels agreed to take Linda but refused to take Tandi. Said Linda: "I won't be parted from my baby." And African friends would not take Linda in for fear they would be prosecuted for associating with a white girl. At last a Roman Catholic institution agreed to take both Linda and Tandi for one night.

On this and other reports on the same case, I commented on this page on—"the extreme cruelty of a law so inhuman and unjust as one that condemns to a criminal punishment a man and a woman for being married to one another in circumstances in which it is impossible even for the most rabid racial maniac to argue that either party was to blame," adding, though it did not occur to me to doubt it, "if the case was rightly reported." This morning I received a letter from a South African correspondent enclosing a cutting from a Natal Sunday newspaper taking me to task most severely and, if the facts are as it states, most rightly, for what I wrote. For, according to this paper, the facts of the case were quite different to those reported by the English newspaper's correspondent and set out at the head of this page. "The facts," the South African newspaper writes, "are these:

On December 1 Brooks and Kumalo were sentenced to four months' compulsory labour for an offence under the Immorality Act. The magistrate, Mr. M. R. Hartog, said that he could find no extenuating circumstances, and he mentioned the fact that Kumalo was already married to a 'respectable member of his own race.' Photographs were published at the time showing Kumalo with his own wife and children.

Brooks, who had a Coloured child with her throughout her trial, stated in Court that the child was hers and that Kumalo was not the father."

And the paper adds, "There is no record of any case in South Africa where a couple of different race, lawfully married, have been convicted under the Immorality Act."

Of this last statement I should like to say at once that I am delighted to learn that this is so, for the sentence of the Court, under the circumstances reported in the English Press, struck me as shocking in the extreme and a contradiction of everything that our Christian civilisation, both in this country and in South Africa, stands for. As for the facts of the case, if they are as reported in this Natal newspaper, they cut the ground of what I wrote completely from under my feet. As the cutting has only reached me this morning, and as, if the appearance of this article is not to be delayed for another week, I must write what I now wish to write to-day, I am not yet in a position to say with absolute certainty which of the two conflicting sets of facts is the correct one or even whether either of them is wholly correct in all its particulars. Yet one or other of them must be substantially wrong and, therefore, totally misleading; and I find it difficult, on the face of it, to believe that the Natal newspaper would have stated the facts in the way that it did unless they were substantially true, for otherwise they would presumably give rise to an action for libel. The *prima facie* assumption, therefore, is that the report of the English newspaper on which I commented had grossly misrepresented the facts, though I can only assume inadvertently.

And as I based what I wrote on its report, the South African paper seems fully justified, provided the facts are as it sets out, in its comment that my article "provides an interesting example of the way in which events in South Africa, especially those dealing with race relations, are often misrepresented." It was perhaps a little misleading to tell its readers that my article *may* have been based "possibly on reports read in other British newspapers," since I had specifically stated at the start of it that it was based purely on what I had read in the English Press. But, though written from the city in which the case was tried and on the day on which it was tried, the report on which I relied would appear to have been flagrantly inaccurate, and, if that is so, I owe the South African readers of this paper a most whole-hearted and unreserved apology. And though no one likes finding that he has been mistaken, it is one which I feel real pleasure in making. For we in this country owe much to the people of South Africa both of Afrikaans and British descent, and are bound to them by many ties of history, civilisation and sentiment. They, too, owe us something, for, though there have been grave and, at times, bitter differences of opinion between our respective countries, we have stood together in peril and adversity and, by standing together, have helped to save for one another the liberty and right to national existence and independence that we both treasure. Had it not been for the aid given us by South Africa and the other independent nations of the Commonwealth in two world wars we could not have survived. And had it not been for our stand they, too, could not have hoped to survive either. I shall always recall with deep gratitude the words that a great South African—one who had fought against us with eminent gallantry and skill in the South African War and later had done the most signal service to the Commonwealth—used of this country in the dark days of 1940, when we stood alone and when our cities were being subjected to nightly bombardments to which at that time we had no seeming means of reply. "The time has come," he said, "to choose our friends. I chose the people who fought against us forty years ago, but who, when we were at their mercy, treated us as a Christian people." And I am sorry, indeed, that by basing my article on wrongly reported facts I should have maligned the laws and justice of a nation which deserves both understanding and justice from the people of this country and does not, I am afraid, always receive it.

This does not, of course, alter the fact that, like most people in Britain, I regard as unwise and fundamentally unjust the official attitude of the present political rulers of South Africa towards the native races of that country. Being a historian I am aware, at any rate, of some of the historical reasons for this attitude, and I do not share the view of many well-meaning people in this country that the race-problem is as simple as they suppose. Indeed, I realise that if I lived in South Africa my views might very well be different to what they are. Yet I am also convinced that the ultimate test of all political institutions should be the Christian conscience, and that the

sentence of any race to a position of permanent political and social inferiority, however justified it may seem by immediate expediency, is contrary to the teaching of the Christian Church. It is, as another correspondent has written from South Africa—a Roman Catholic priest working at Johannesburg—"one of the major issues confronting both the world and the Church." Either the white man has a right to keep the coloured races in a state of permanent subjection, in which case the teaching of Christ is based on a fallacy and can be ignored. Or, alternatively, the teaching of Christ about the brotherhood and equality of man is true, in which case racial laws are based on an ultimate fallacy and ought to be modified and brought, however gradually, into conformity with the law of the Gospels. I am not suggesting that South Africa is the only country in the world that has to face this issue, for it is one which confronts the whole world to-day. Yet the issue is there and it is fundamental. Either the battle for the world's future, including South Africa's, has to be decided between race and race, or it has to be decided between Christian and non-Christian. One must take one's stand in this matter either with one's race or with one's creed.

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE NETHERLANDS' CROWN PRINCESS.



THE NETHERLANDS' CROWN PRINCESS WHO CELEBRATED HER SEVENTEENTH BIRTHDAY ON JANUARY 31: PRINCESS BEATRIX.

On January 31 Crown Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands, the eldest of the four daughters of Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard, celebrated her seventeenth birthday. Earlier in the month, on January 16, Princess Beatrix performed her first official function unaccompanied by her parents when she launched the *Vasum*, a 31,000-ton. turbine tanker, at the Netherlands Dock and Shipbuilding Company's yard in Amsterdam. Queen Juliana treats her children's birthdays as private and family occasions, and for Princess Beatrix, who is attending a Lyceum at Baarn, her birthday is a school day like any other during the term, although she usually entertains a number of her friends to a tea-party in the Palace of Soestdijk. Shortly after Christmas, Princess Beatrix, Princess Irene and Princess Margriet went to St. Anton, in Austria, with their parents, for a winter sports holiday.

sentence of any race to a position of permanent political and social inferiority, however justified it may seem by immediate expediency, is contrary to the teaching of the Christian Church. It is, as another correspondent has written from South Africa—a Roman Catholic priest working at Johannesburg—"one of the major issues confronting both the world and the Church." Either the white man has a right to keep the coloured races in a state of permanent subjection, in which case the teaching of Christ is based on a fallacy and can be ignored. Or, alternatively, the teaching of Christ about the brotherhood and equality of man is true, in which case racial laws are based on an ultimate fallacy and ought to be modified and brought, however gradually, into conformity with the law of the Gospels. I am not suggesting that South Africa is the only country in the world that has to face this issue, for it is one which confronts the whole world to-day. Yet the issue is there and it is fundamental. Either the battle for the world's future, including South Africa's, has to be decided between race and race, or it has to be decided between Christian and non-Christian. One must take one's stand in this matter either with one's race or with one's creed.



A SMILING FAREWELL: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET WAVING FROM THE DOOR OF THE B.O.A.C. STRATOCRUISER "CANOPUS" BEFORE LEAVING LONDON AIRPORT ON THE FIRST STAGE OF HER JOURNEY TO THE CARIBBEAN.

Princess Margaret, accompanied by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, drove to London Airport from Buckingham Palace on January 31, at the start of her journey to the Caribbean. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, who had returned from Sandringham in the morning with their children, drove to the airport in another car. After the family farewells, Princess Margaret stood for a moment

at the door of the aircraft smiling and waving, then, at 3.10 p.m., as the engines roared and the "Canopus" began to move, the Princess waved again from a window and there was a cheer from the crowd. The Princess, who was wearing an olive-green velvet coat and a head-hugging feathered hat, looked happy and confident as she set out on the first stage of the biggest tour she has ever undertaken alone.

FROM HOME AND ABROAD: SOME FORMAL AND INFORMAL OCCASIONS.



WITH HIS YOUNGEST SON BY HIS SIDE: KING SAUD IBN ABDUL-AZIZ OF SAUDI ARABIA WATCHING A FAMILY PARADE.

Celebrations were held in Saudi Arabia on the occasion of the first anniversary of the accession of King Saud ibn Abdul-Aziz. There was a large gathering of the Royal family at Riyadh, and the King's sons and younger brothers took part in a traditional exhibition of sword-dancing and a special parade. There



MARCHING PAST KING SAUD: SOME OF THE KING'S SONS AND YOUNGER BROTHERS TAKING PART IN A PARADE AT RIYADH ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE KING'S ACCESSION TO THE THRONE.

was also a large reception for members of the public. King Saud ibn Abdul-Aziz, who was born in 1902, succeeded his father on November 9, 1953. The Crown Prince Emir Faisal, brother of the King, is Viceroy of Hejaz and Minister for Foreign Affairs.



SEATED ON THE MASTER'S HORSE: PRINCESS ANNE AT A MEET OF THE WEST NORFOLK FOXHOUNDS NEAR SANDRINGHAM.

The Queen, with Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, the Duke of Cornwall, Princess Anne and the Princess Royal, attended a meet of the West Norfolk foxhounds at Harpley Dams, a few miles from Sandringham.



MAKING A GALLANT BUT UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO SOUND THE MASTER'S HORN: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL SEATED ON THE MASTER'S HORSE AT A MEETING OF THE WEST NORFOLK FOXHOUNDS AT HARPLEY DAMS.

on January 24. The Duke of Cornwall, sitting on the Master's horse, tried to sound a hunting horn; and Princess Anne was twice lifted on to the horse and rode it for a few yards.



ON HIS WAY TO OPEN THE SOUTH AFRICAN PARLIAMENT: DR. JANSEN, THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, DRIVING WITH HIS WIFE IN AN OPEN COACH THROUGH THE STREETS OF CAPE TOWN.

On January 21 Dr. Jansen, the Governor-General of South Africa, opened the new session of the Union's Parliament. Mr. Strydom was present for the first time as Prime Minister. The speech from the throne indicated that the Government intends to proceed with its attempt to alter the coloured franchise.



INSPECTING A HUGE ALPENHORN: FIELD MARSAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN, IN SWITZERLAND.

After his recent informal visit to Malta, Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, the Deputy Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, went to Switzerland, where this photograph was taken at Langnau, a small town in the canton of Berne.



"CANOPUS" UNDERGOING HER PREPARATION FOR THE ROYAL FLIGHT TO TRINIDAD: THE B.O.A.C. STRATOCRUISER IN WHICH H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET LEFT LONDON AIRPORT ON JANUARY 31.

"Canopus," the B.O.A.C. blue, white and silver *Stratocruiser* in which H.R.H. Princess Margaret left England on January 31 to begin her tour of the Caribbean, is the same splendid aircraft which carried the Queen (then Princess Elizabeth) and the Duke of Edinburgh to Canada in 1951. She has, of course, undergone the most careful and meticulous preparation for Princess Margaret's journey, and the interior decorations in dark blue and grey and the fittings are all new. The

Princess's suite, situated on the upper deck in the forward part of the aircraft, includes a dressing-room and a cabin containing a divan which can become a comfortable bed. The pilot is a Canadian, Captain Peter C. Fair, who has flown the Atlantic nearly 400 times. The first refuelling stop was at Montreal, the next at Montego Bay, Jamaica, and a final flight of 900 miles was scheduled to bring the Princess to Trinidad.

A HELICOPTER "LANDING NET."



FISHING A "WREN" FROM THE SEA: DEMONSTRATING THE ROYAL NAVY'S LATEST DEVICE FOR AIR-SEA RESCUE BY HELICOPTER, A NET DEVELOPED AT FORD R.N. AIR STATION IN SUSSEX.



HAULING THE "CATCH" TO SAFETY: HERE THE "VICTIM," SECOND OFFICER LITA M. RIDLEY, SAFELY PICKED UP BY THE NET SCOOP, IS BEING HAULED UP BY THE HELICOPTER'S WINCH.



BEFORE THE DEMONSTRATION: IN THE SCOOP, SECOND OFFICER LITA RIDLEY; (CENTRE) THE INVENTOR, LIEUT.-COMMANDER JOHN SPROULE, R.N.; AND C.P.O. AIRCREWMAN STEWART LOCK, D.S.M.

In our issue of January 22 we published photographs and drawings of the new net scoop, developed at Ford R.N. Air Station, Sussex, for the rescue of persons in the sea by means of a helicopter. Here we give some photographs of its demonstration in the Solent on January 24. In this case the helicopter was flown by Lieut.-Commander John Sproule, R.N., C.O. of the Air-Sea Rescue Unit at Ford and the inventor of the device, together with C.P.O. Aircrewman Lock, who helped in its development. Two naval ratings and a "Wren" officer were picked up from the waves, in a calm sea, in about two minutes each.

BRITISH SUCCESSES IN THE MONTE CARLO RALLY.

British cars and drivers did exceptionally well in this year's Monte Carlo Rally. The leading results for the Rally were: (1) P. Malling in a British Sunbeam; (2) G. Gillard in a French Dyna Panhard; (3) H. Gerdum in a German Mercedes Benz; and (4) G. Burgess in a British Ford. Of the Class awards, Category One was won by P. Malling in a Sunbeam; and Category Two by M. Gatsionides in an Aston Martin. The Ladies' Cup was won by Miss Sheila Van Damm in a Sunbeam, this being the first time the prize has gone to Britain for twenty-three years. The Team Prize for Nominated Cars was won by Jaguar; and the Team Prize for Any Three Cars went to Sunbeam. In the Concours d'Elegance all but one of the awards went to British cars, the first prize on road safety features going to

Mr. W. M. Couper's Armstrong-Siddeley *Sapphire*.



THE WINNER OF THE LADIES' CUP IN THE MONTE CARLO RALLY: MISS SHEILA VAN DAMM (CENTRE), WITH HER CO-DRIVERS, MRS. ANNE HALL AND MRS. FRANÇOISE CLARKE, BESIDE HER BRITISH SUNBEAM SPORTS SALOON.



THE WINNERS OF THE TEAM PRIZE FOR NOMINATED CARS, WHO DROVE JAGUAR CARS: (LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. R. ADAMS, OF BELFAST; MR. C. VARD, OF DUBLIN; AND MR. IAN APPLEYARD, OF LEEDS.



THE WINNERS OF THE RALLY AND THE CATEGORY ONE CLASS: THE NORWEGIANS, MR. P. MALLING AND MR. G. FADUM WITH THEIR TROPHIES AND THEIR BRITISH SUNBEAM SPORTS SALOON—AT FERRYFIELD AIRPORT.



COMMONWEALTH STATESMEN WHO HAVE GATHERED IN LONDON, PHOTOGRAPHED WITH SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET BEFORE THE OPENING OF THEIR CONFERENCE ON JANUARY 31.

The Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference opened in the Cabinet Room of No. 10 in the afternoon of January 31, with Sir Winston Churchill in the Chair, and it is expected to last for ten days or so. The Prime Ministers are meeting at a time when the anxious eyes of the world are turned towards Formosa, and no doubt the situation in the Far East will be among the first to be discussed. The first meeting of representatives of the Empire was held in London in 1887; and since that time there have been many formal Imperial Conferences. In 1946, however, the pattern of these conferences changed, and although the meetings became less formal they became more frequent, and have been held at regular

intervals of two years, the last being in 1953. Our picture shows, with a painting of Sir Winston Churchill's famous racehorse *Colonist II*, hanging on the wall, the following statesmen : (Standing, l. to r.) The South African Minister of Justice, Mr. C. R. Swart, deputising for Mr. Strijdom, Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa; and the Prime Ministers of Pakistan, Mr. Mohammed Ali; Ceylon, Sir John Kotelawala; and the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Sir Godfrey Huggins. (Seated, l. to r.) The Prime Ministers of New Zealand, Mr. S. G. Holland; and Canada, Mr. L. St. Laurent; Sir Winston Churchill; and the Prime Ministers of Australia, Mr. R. G. Menzies; and India, Mr. Nehru.

ENLARGING THE BOUNDS OF HISTORY.

"EXCAVATIONS AT UR"; By SIR LEONARD WOOLLEY.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"UR OF THE CHALDEES" was the original home of Abraham; but for very many centuries those who repeated that statement might as well have been talking of Lyonesse or Eldorado: it was a name and a legend and no more. A hundred years ago the British Consul at Basra, commissioned by the British Museum to investigate sites in Southern Mesopotamia, concentrated chiefly on a group of mounds about halfway between Baghdad and the head of the Persian Gulf, and ten miles west of the present course of the Euphrates. "Struck by the obvious importance of one mound, which from its height, overshadowing all the other ruins, he rightly judged to be the Ziggurat [temple built in stages, like the later Tower of Babel], he attacked it from above, cutting down into the brickwork of the four corners. The science of field archaeology had not then been devised and the excavator's object was to find things which might enrich the cases of a museum, while the preservation of buildings on the spot was little considered. To the greatest monument of Ur, Taylor did damage which we cannot but deplore to-day, but he succeeded in his purpose and at least made clear the importance of the site whose later excavation has so well repaid us. Hidden in the brickwork of the top stage of the tower he found, at each angle of it, cylinders of baked clay on which were long inscriptions giving the history of the building. The texts date from about 550 B.C., from the time of Nabonidus, the last of the kings of Babylon, and state that the tower, founded by Ur-Nammu and his son Dungi, but left unfinished by them and not completed by any later king, he had restored and finished. These inscriptions not only gave us the first information about the Ziggurat itself, but identified the site, called by the Arabs al Mughair, the Mound of Pitch, as Ur 'of the Chaldees,' the biblical home of Abraham." Small excavations were undertaken later, and then, in 1922, Sir Leonard Woolley began the extensive operations which he conducted for twelve successive winters without interruption, and of which the present book is the first comprehensive account.

Ur-Nammu, whose memory was so piously cherished by his remote successor, came but midway in the recorded history of Ur. He flourished about 2112 B.C. and appears in an ancient list of Sumerian Kings (the supremacy over the whole territory passed from city to city, with occasional foreign invasions) as the founder of the Third Dynasty of Ur, the First Dynasty having begun with Mes-an-ni-pad-da, about 2700 B.C. But the civilisation of Ur did not begin with the dynasties in the old King-list. The compiler of that list (accurate in its later parts) was a little wild in his statements about the "Kings before the Flood," a flood verified by Sir Leonard by a deep deposit of pure river silt with layers of artefacts above and below. These monarchs are alleged to have reigned for periods of 43,000 years to 18,600 years, which makes poor Methuselah, with his meagre 969 years, a mere amateur in the art of prolonged senescence. But if these men are myths, there were dynasties before the Dynasties, "fortes erant ante Agamemnona." In the late Stone Age decorated pottery was produced of a beauty never equalled in Mesopotamia until the Arab invasion; and the subject of the coloured frontispiece, representing "the ram caught in the thicket," was made 1500 years before Abraham, and is of such sophisticated elegance that it might pass for a work by Fabergé, and suggests, like the furniture of Tutankhamen, a slight decline from a long series of nobler and simpler predecessors. "On a small oblong base decorated with silver-plate and mosaic in pink and white stands a goat, 'a ram of the goats,' erect on its hind legs in front of a tree or bush to whose branches its front legs were bound with silver chains; the leaves and flowers of the golden tree stand out high on either side, and the beast's golden

head with its horns and hair of lapis lazuli peers out between them."

That came from "the Royal Cemetery" where sixteen deep-sunk tombs were opened. In the first, "amongst a mass of bronze weapons which did not at the time seem to be associated with any burial, we found the famous gold dagger of Ur, whose blade was of gold, its hilt of blue lapis lazuli decorated with

dressing-table. They found themselves in the Death Pits. There, in a succession of chambers leading to that of the King-God, were the remains of chariots and animals and grooms, and of exquisitely dressed courtiers and court-ladies, all evidently there to accompany the dead prince into the next world.

I remember that when I first

read an earlier publication of Sir Leonard's I felt quite sick at the notion of men, women and animals being butchered and shoved underground merely because their master had died; and was bewildered that such slaughter could happen when architecture, music, and all the other arts were evidently flourishing. In my mind there was the image of a girl who wanted to refuse that ghastly doom imposed upon her by men: yet had to have her throat cut, and be buried with the corpses of men, women and asses, and the chariots, and the cooking-pots, and the food. Sir Leonard now says that there are no signs of violence on the corpses of the dead. His theory now is that courtiers, court-ladies and stable-boys, when their master died, went willingly, taking poison, into the grave with him, in order that he should have, in the world of the future, the attendance and consideration which he had had in this world. It is a pleasanter picture than the alternative.

Ur went on for 4000 years: it ended a few hundred years before Christ because the Euphrates, which used to run past its walls, and canals from which irrigated the surrounding countryside, switched its course. Ur faded out and was buried. Had its earlier kings been alive nothing would have been simpler than to have dug new canals: but there was remote control by that time, and, gradually, a city of many square miles and 250,000 inhabitants became a few lumps in a sandy desert.

To the end of its days, however, Ur seems to have been regarded as something sacred by its conquerors, destroyers and rebuilders. Sir Leonard found evidence that a late Princess-Priestess made a museum of antiquities there. Nebuchadnezzar, who built the colossal city of Babylon, attempted to restore Ur on a grand scale. And Cyrus himself, a monotheist Zoroastrian if anything, made his contribution towards a restoration of Ur. It was he who, according to the Prophet Ezra, authorised the Jews to restore their Temple in Jerusalem. He seems to have been of Gibbon's opinion, who said that "All religions are to the philosopher equally false, to the multitude equally true, and to the magistrate equally useful."

I haven't given—it wasn't possible—a clue to the richness of this book in regard to the unveiling of history, and the painstaking processes of the unveiling. There is too much in the book. Even the greater part of the City of Ur has not been dug: Sir Leonard had to stop, because, had he gone on digging, he could not have published his results. In his time, as in mine, the frontiers of human history have been moved back thousands of years: under the sands of the Sahara, for all we know to the contrary, there may be buried remains of civilisations earlier than any we know. But they may not be found yet awhile. There are more urgent fields for investment.

There are the groundnuts to be found in East Africa, the chickens in Gambia and the wild geese all over the Empire.



SIR LEONARD WOOLLEY, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK "EXCAVATIONS AT UR," REVIEWED BY SIR JOHN SQUIRE ON THIS PAGE.

Sir Leonard Woolley, who has in the past contributed many archaeological articles to *The Illustrated London News*, was born in 1880 and educated at St. John's, Leatherhead, and New College, Oxford. His first archaeological expedition (in 1906) was to Nubia. Before the 1914-18 War he was mainly in the Near East; and after 1919 was successively digging at Carchemish, Tel el'Amarna and then for twelve years at Ur. He is the author of many publications on archaeological subjects.



THE HEAD-DRRESS OF QUEEN SHUB-AD: OF GOLD WITH WHITE INLAWS AND LAPIS LAZULI AND CARNELIAN BEADS.

"For the purposes of exhibition a plaster cast was made from a well-preserved female skull of the period (the queen's own skull was too fragmentary to be used), and over this my wife modelled the features in wax... the face was passed by Sir Arthur Keith... as reproducing faithfully the character of the early Sumerians."

gold studs and its sheath of gold beautifully worked with an openwork design derived from plaited grass—the material of which a commoner's dagger-sheath was sometimes made; with it was another object, almost equally remarkable, a cone-shaped reticule of gold ornamented with a spiral pattern containing a set of little toilet instruments, tweezers, lancet and pencil, also of gold. Nothing at all resembling these things had ever been unearthed in Mesopotamia; so novel



THE RAM CAUGHT IN A THICKET: ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE PIECES FOUND AT UR AND ONE OF A PAIR, MADE OF GOLD, LAPIS LAZULI AND WHITE SHELL.

"Irresistibly we are reminded of the biblical story of 'the ram caught in the thicket,' but the statues were made 1500 years before Abraham was born and the parallel is therefore difficult to explain. Undoubtedly, the subject . . .

were they that a recognised expert took them to be Arab work of the thirteenth century A.D., and no one could blame him for the error, for no one could have suspected such art in the third millennium before Christ." But, later, Sir Leonard and his colleagues came across objects much larger and much grimmer than these dainty devices for my lady's



THE STATUETTE OF A WOMAN FOUND IN A SOLDIER'S GRAVE IN THE ROYAL CEMETERY AT UR; AND "THE ONLY HUMAN STATUE OF THE PERIOD THAT WE FOUND AT UR."

"We could not say that she was very beautiful, nor could we explain why one man of all the thousands buried in the cemetery should take a woman's image with him to the grave. Perhaps the sentimental explanation is the simplest and the most probable."

(Illustrations reproduced from the book "Excavations at Ur"; by courtesy of the publishers, Ernest Benn, Ltd.)

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 242 of this issue.



TWO OF THE BRITISH THEATRE'S BRIGHTEST STARS WHO WILL SOON BE SHINING AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON : SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER AND HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE, MISS VIVIEN LEIGH.

All over the world, wherever the theatre is discussed, two names spring to the lips—those of Sir Laurence Olivier and his beautiful wife, Miss Vivien Leigh. In 1955 these two bright stars, whose brilliance has enhanced so many plays and films, will again be delighting a grateful and admiring public. Sir Laurence Olivier has just finished work on the colour film of "Richard III." in which he plays the title rôle and is also the director. Miss Vivien Leigh recently started work at Shepperton in the film version of Terence Rattigan's play "The Deep Blue Sea," in which she takes the part of Hester. This film, which is being made

in colour, should be completed by the end of February. On April 12 there opens at Stratford-on-Avon one of the most ambitious and brilliant seasons in the history of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, when the resident company will be led by Sir Laurence Olivier and Miss Vivien Leigh. It will be Sir Laurence's first appearance at Stratford since he played Kate in "The Taming of the Shrew," when he was a choir boy of fifteen, and Ellen Terry wrote in her diary that she had never seen the part done better by any woman save the American actress Ada Rehan. Miss Leigh has never acted at Stratford before.

Exclusive Portrait Study by Karsh of Ottawa.

ON January 21 it was learnt in the United States that the People's Republic of (Communist) China had made an offer to Mr. Hammarskjöld that families of Americans convicted of espionage or awaiting trial should visit them. This offer had apparently been conveyed by word of mouth by Mr. Chou En-lai to the Secretary-General of the United Nations during his recent visit to China, with what journalists call a "date-line" for publication. It was simultaneously announced by Peking Radio, which stated that arrangements would be made by the Chinese Red Cross. The Americans concerned are eleven airmen and two civilians who have been condemned and imprisoned, and four more airmen whose case is, at the time of writing, still under investigation. This message naturally caused deep interest in the United States. It also perhaps raised slightly the prestige of the United Nations, since no glosses put upon the mission of Mr. Hammarskjöld had hitherto made it look like anything but a failure.

What was the inner significance of the step taken by the Chinese Communists? It must have been propitiation, advertisement of Chinese clemency and high standard of civilisation, or a combination of the two. On balance the third solution looks the most likely, but the emphasis may be supposed to be on the propagandist side. As propaganda it is as astute, in its way, as the mutiny in the Korean prison camps, though with a pleasant atmosphere which was lacking there. On the face of it, the offer also suggests that the unhappy Americans will not be freed in the near future. It might mean that they would not be freed until their sentences expired. Mercifully, however, the best future propaganda would seem to be to keep people guessing for a relatively short time and then let the prisoners go as a gesture of supreme magnanimity. Then the tears of the sentimental in the United States—a sentimental country, despite superficial toughness—would mingle with the crocodile tears of the People's Republic.

The official comment on the announcement was not sentimental. Though the United States has no diplomatic relations with the Chinese Communist Government and could not encourage relatives of the prisoners to visit them in China, the State Department expressed no objection to their doing so*. If this attitude is maintained some may have gone by the time these words are read. In one or two cases they were reported to have said that they would go at their own cost and carry their own risks. The State Department's view of the whole affair was put in sober and dignified words. "World public opinion," it said, "will judge the motives of those who, having it in their power and being under an obligation to end promptly the tragic grief they have caused, now visit upon the families of these imprisoned Americans a harrowing dilemma. It is by releasing those they hold that the Chinese Communists can convincingly show concern for the human sufferings they have caused." This is well said.

Events since then have pushed this matter into the background and rendered visits of American citizens to China less probable. It seems fitting, none the less, to put it on record as a prelude to what follows, because it is, on the whole, a favourable sign, coming at a time when other signs were menacing. They included, on the one hand, the capture by the Communists of the little island of Yi Kiang Shan, defended only by a small, irregular garrison, and, on the other, the move of the United States Seventh Fleet towards the scene. On January 24 came President Eisenhower's Message to Congress. This was a request for authority to act in emergency. It can be argued—and has been by some American experts—that the President already possessed such authority. Yet the mutual defence treaty with "the Republic of China" (the Nationalist Government of Formosa) was still before the Senate, and the President has strong feelings on constitutional propriety.

The Message was business-like. It began by stating an objective: to safeguard the security of the United States "by establishing and preserving a just and honourable peace." In clear terms, without official euphemism or figures of speech, it spoke of the importance of Formosa and the neighbouring Pescadores remaining in the hands of a friendly State. Their loss, it stated, would mark for the United States and friendly nations a breach in the island chain of the Western Pacific constituting "the geographical backbone of their security structure in that ocean." And the Communists had announced that recent attacks were a prelude to conquest of those islands. Reference to the islands fringing the mainland was more guarded, but their significance was generally covered by the remark that the situation respecting them was "the

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE TWO CHINAS AND THE UNITED STATES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

result of historical rather than military reasons." The United States must be ready to assist in the redeployment and consolidation of Nationalist forces if that were necessary. And, though the United States was committed only to aid the defence of Formosa and the Pescadores, it would be necessary to watch for Communist action obviously undertaken to facilitate attack on Formosa. The Message blessed the possibility of United Nations initiative to end hostilities.

Obviously the talk of redeployment and consolidation refers with particular force to the northern off-shore islands in Nationalist hands. These have only minor significance. It is now reported that the Formosan Government first brought up the need for aid in "regrouping." At the time of writing, the withdrawal from the Tachen Islands is said to extend only to civilians, but Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek would certainly be wise to abandon them altogether. The Matsu and Quemoy groups are another matter.

Communist moves obviously designed to facilitate attack on Formosa, among the most effective of which would be the capture of the Matsus and Quemoy, their main preparations would be on the mainland. Logically, then, the United States would seek to interrupt or nullify those preparations by attacking them on the mainland. This would assuredly mark a long step towards full-scale war, perhaps a jump into it. It will appear that the situation is complex and fraught with difficulty and danger.

These, however, are interpretations, though based on the readings of well-informed opinion. The Message made no direct allusion to American participation in the defence of the southern group of islands, still less, of course, to the possibility of action on the mainland in any circumstances. Perhaps the intention was to issue a warning to the Chinese Communists without exactly defining the action to be taken if it were to be disregarded. Evacuation of the Matsus and Quemoy would mean some loss of prestige for the Nationalists. Outside Formosa, probably only the Pentagon can estimate whether it would involve serious damage to morale. Yet we cannot envisage a peaceful and enduring settlement with the Nationalists holding these islands. Such a settlement, with the Nationalists firmly established on Formosa and Formosa a State in itself, but without a Nationalist

footing in the off-shore islands, looks far away now and would be difficult of attainment, but it is a development which we can envisage without undue strain upon our imagination.

This was not the first occasion on which President Eisenhower had expressed the hope that the United Nations would help to bring about a cessation of hostilities. There, too, difficulties are to be found. A discussion in the Security Council might at present do more harm than good by raising the temperature. The matter was discussed during the visit of Mr. Hammarskjöld to China, and the best course would probably be to proceed on similar lines. Stop-gaps are better than nothing, if they temporarily stop gaps. Permanent peace is out of the question while the two Chinas continue to deny each other's right to existence. At present there appears little hope that Communist China will recognise the independence of Formosa. There is not the slightest hope that it will agree to its independence combined with continued occupation of any of the off-shore islands.

American policy in the Western Pacific has lately been the subject of much discussion, from which different interpretations have emerged. Some commentators hold that the Government has decided to take a stronger line with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and induce him to become less provocative. Others, on the contrary, see in the Message to Congress—and such information as is said to have filtered out simultaneously—proof that the President and his advisers are not so much concerned with what the Generalissimo says or does, while on the alert in case he should do anything rash, as in making it clear to the Chinese Communists that they are determined to keep Formosa intact. The latter seems to be, indeed, the prevailing mood of the moment. The two motives are not, however, incompatible. There can be little doubt that the United States has recently been urging restraint upon Chiang Kai-shek, apparently with effect, but there is no reason to suppose that their relations are anything but good. The Republican view that the United States was too tender with the Communists after the Second World War, and thus weakened the position of Chiang Kai-shek, is not extinct.

The Message to Congress has already come under criticism in this country. It is, however, the situation, not the Message, in which the dangers lie. Some of the critics have been painting pretty solutions and assuming that they could be reached at any time if men of good sense and good will would set themselves to the task. Such an assumption is mischievous as well as puerile. Where conflicting passions stand face to face, reason, logic, common sense, loyalty, humanity and history are all interpreted in terms of their respective ideologies. Ordinary words, and the sentiments they express, take on different meanings according to which side uses them. It needs more than good sense and good will to put an end to disputes in such an atmosphere. Patience and perseverance are wanted, and here they are not likely to bring speedy results. On the broad issue, the United States is justified in the determination to defend Formosa. I have striven to show how complex are the implications of this decision. I end, however, by committing myself to the view that the wisest course would be to abandon all the off-shore islands, even at the cost of some military disadvantage.



BOMBED AND SET ON FIRE BY CHINESE COMMUNIST AIRCRAFT DURING RECENT RAIDS ON THE TACHEN ISLANDS, 200 MILES NORTH OF FORMOSA: A CHINESE NATIONALIST TRANSPORT.

Following the seizure of Yi Kiang Shan, a small Nationalist-held island in the Tachen group, by Chinese Communists on January 18, both sides have mounted heavy air attacks, the Communist raid on the Tachen Islands being the heaviest of them. On January 24 Vice-Admiral Pride, Commander of the U.S. Seventh Fleet, stated that should he be called upon to evacuate the Tachen Islands he would be able to cope with any opposition from the Communists. Meanwhile a force of sixty Sabre jet fighters have landed on Formosa to reinforce the Seventh Fleet. President Eisenhower, on January 27, announced that any decision to use U.S. forces except for the direct defence of Formosa and the Pescadores would be taken only on his personal responsibility. Captain Falls, writing on this page, says "On the broad issue, the United States is justified in the determination to defend Formosa. . . I end, however, by committing myself to the view that the wisest course would be to abandon all the off-shore islands, even at the cost of some military disadvantage."

They represent the equivalent of blockading squadrons off Foochow and Amoy, and have thus considerable significance in the defence of Formosa. But are they themselves defensible? And would the President's reference to Communist action to facilitate attack on Formosa cover American participation in their defence? Since they are only half the distance from Formosa of the Tachens, their defence is clearly rather easier, but it looks very difficult at best. The Communist conquest of Yi Kiang Shan was no great feat, but it was made in a workmanlike way. Efficiency in other attacks is likely.

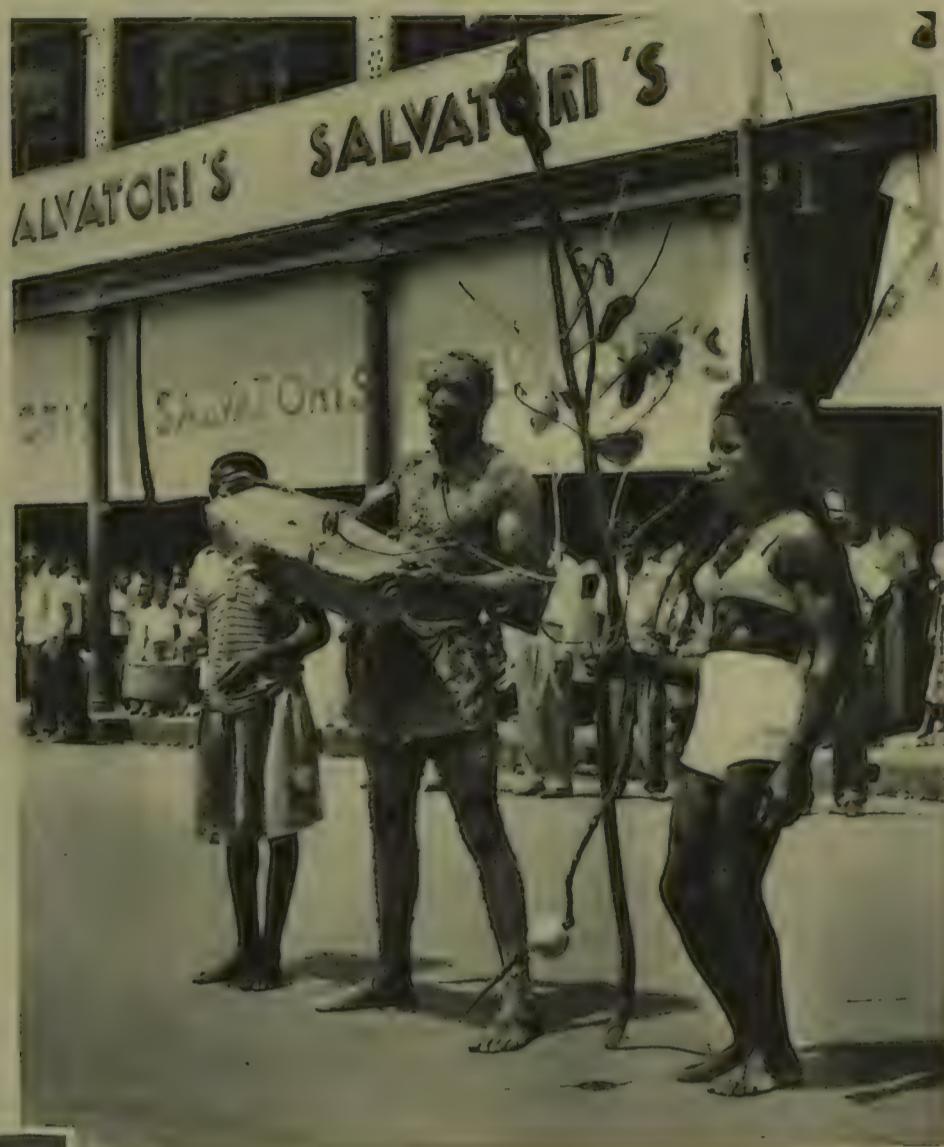
The other question is harder to answer, but the view seems to be that the President would be prepared to intervene for the defence of the Matsus and Quemoy. Official opinion is that the Communists do not desire to bring on a major war, but that they have tended to assume of late that United States policy has become timid and irresolute. It is considered desirable to disillusion them, because such a belief would in itself be a danger to peace. But one thing leads to another. If the United States is to intervene on sight of

* Since this article was written, the State Department refused permission for such visits.

THE PRINCESS'S TOUR: CARNIVAL IN TRINIDAD—HOME OF THE CALYPSO.



A CARNIVAL SUPPLEMENT TO THE FAMOUS "STEEL BANDS" OF THE "CALYPSO ISLANDS" WHICH PRINCESS MARGARET IS VISITING THIS MONTH: MUSICIANS ADDING TO THE ENSEMBLE BY BEATING OLD BRAKE DRUMS.



TRADITIONAL FIGURES IN THE TRINIDAD MARDI GRAS CARNIVAL, OL' MAS' (OLD MASQUE): "ADAM" AND "EVE," WITH THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE OF GOOD AND EVIL, AND THE SERPENT.



GODS OF OLYMPUS, WHO WERE AWARDED A CARNIVAL PRIZE: "ZEUS," "ATHENE" AND "HERMES" AT AN OL' MAS' (OLD MASQUE). THE BEST CALYPSO OF THE YEAR IS CHOSEN AS THE "ROAD SONG" OF THE CARNIVAL.

Princess Margaret arranged to leave this country on January 31 for her West Indian Tour, which will take her to islands of the Commonwealth where the light hearts of the people delight in Calypsos, in the resounding music of steel bands, and in colourful dress and pageantry. Each island has its special atmosphere. In Trinidad, which the Princess was due to reach on February 1, the *Mardi gras* *Ol' Mas'* (Old Masque), or Carnival, held from the Monday before Ash Wednesday until the evening of Shrove Tuesday, is the greatest festival of that island. Though the Royal visitor is not to see the Carnival, as on Shrove Tuesday, February 22,



A YOUTHFUL CARNIVAL QUEEN IN TRINIDAD; FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD MARCIA ROKS IN FULL REGALIA AFTER SHE HAD BEEN CHOSEN FOR THAT HONOUR IN THE BEAUTY COMPETITION WHICH IS HELD AT THE SAVANNAH RACECOURSE BEFORE OL' MAS'.

she is due to be in Jamaica, she will no doubt hear the music which the steel bandsmen draw from their unusual instruments—sawn-off petrol drums in which are inserted welded plates tempered to the chromatic scale. In Port of Spain, on the Monday before Shrove Tuesday, the Mayor starts off the *Ol' Mas'*, and processions and competitions continue until the evening of Shrove Tuesday. Adam and Eve are among the persons traditionally represented. "Adam" collects money in a tiny coffin; and in our photograph "Eve" is a muscular stevedore with a fine wig and a swimsuit designed to give feminine contours.

COMBINED OPERATIONS IN FORMOSA: EXERCISES
CARRIED OUT BY NATIONALIST FORCES.

USING A SCRAMBLING-NET TO CLIMB UP A WALL REPRESENTING A SHIP'S SIDE DURING SPECIAL AMPHIBIOUS TRAINING AT THE TSOYING NAVAL BASE, SOUTHERN FORMOSA: MEMBERS OF A CHINESE NATIONALIST ARMY UNIT.



READY TO MOVE OFF TO AN "ENEMY" COAST AFTER DISEMBARKING FROM THEIR "TRANSPORT": NATIONALIST TROOPS, IN A CONCRETE LANDING-CRAFT USED FOR TRAINING, DURING COMBINED OPERATIONS EXERCISES AT TSOYING NAVAL BASE.



LISTENING TO A LECTURE: YOUNG CHINESE NATIONALIST COMMANDOS, WITH FIXED BAYONETS, DURING THE RIGOROUS TRAINING THEY ARE UNDERGOING IN PREPARATION FOR A POSSIBLE COMMUNIST ATTACK ON FORMOSA.

Readers may recall that last autumn, during the Chinese Communist attacks on the Chinese Nationalist island of Quemoy, in the Formosa Strait, we reproduced a series of photographs illustrating how the army of Chiang Kai-shek, amounting to possibly a million men, was undergoing intensive training in anticipation of a landing on the Chinese mainland or of a possible attack on Formosa itself. Since that time fighting off the mainland has once more flared up and there have been intensive attacks by the Communists on the Tachen group of islands, 200 miles north of Formosa, which have resulted in the seizure of one small island, Yi Kiang Shan. With the threat of invasion once more hanging over their heads, all units of the Nationalist Army have been undergoing more rigorous training, especially in the art of combined operations, and the photographs which we reproduce above give some idea of the intensity of these operations. Meanwhile, the crisis over



LEARNING TO USE BAZOOKAS: CHINESE NATIONALIST OFFICER CADETS IN FORMOSA. ALREADY SEVERAL THOUSAND COLLEGE GRADUATES HAVE COMPLETED ONE YEAR OF INTENSIVE TRAINING TO QUALIFY THEM AS RESERVE OFFICERS.

Formosa and the Chinese off-shore islands is causing great concern throughout the world. At the time of writing, the United States Government which, in 1950, committed the U.S. Seventh Fleet to the defence of Formosa, has ordered it to stand by to evacuate the 10,000 Chinese Nationalist troops which garrison the Tachen Islands, should Chiang Kai-shek order them to withdraw; and a wing of *Sabre* jets has landed on Formosan airfields for the first time. President Eisenhower has, however, made it clear that he has not delegated to anyone the responsibility for deciding on the bringing into action of any of the U.S. forces in the area except in direct defence of Formosa and the Pescadores. It has been reported, however, that American air force units, flying over the Formosa Strait, have not sighted any Communist concentrations of troops capable of launching an attack on Formosa.

PREPARING FOR AMPHIBIOUS WARFARE: NATIONALIST TROOPS IN FORMOSA.



LEARNING THE RUDIMENTS OF INVASION AND EVACUATION: CHINESE NATIONALIST MARINE AND NAVAL TRAINEES USING MODELS ON A LARGE SAND "TABLE-TOP" AT THE NAVAL BASE IN SOUTHERN FORMOSA, WHERE OPERATIONS BOTH FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE ISLAND AND FOR AN ATTACK ON THE MAINLAND ARE BEING REHEarsed.



TAKING A COURSE IN THE ART OF AMPHIBIOUS WARFARE: CHINESE NATIONALIST TROOPS AT TSOYING NAVAL BASE, SOUTHERN FORMOSA, WATCHING A DEMONSTRATION ON SAND IN WHICH MODEL TRANSPORTS AND LANDING CRAFT ARE BEING USED TO "INVADE" THE CHINESE MAINLAND.

At Tsoying naval training base, in southern Formosa, troops of the Chinese Nationalist Army have been undergoing rigorous courses in the art of offensive and defensive amphibious warfare, including underwater demolition, sabotage and guerilla tactics. An area of sand, resembling a large "table-top,"

has been laid out in the form of a coastline on which has been set up beach-head installations. Models of troop transports and landing craft are manoeuvred, either for an evacuation of that coast or for an invasion, and are watched by troops while an instructor explains the tactics employed.

A NEW TREASURE OF
SCULPTURE FOUND
IN HADRIAN'S VILLA;
AND STATUES WHICH
MAY THROW LIGHT ON
THE CARYATIDS OF THE
ERECHTHEUM, ATHENS.

HADRIAN'S VILLA, between Rome and Tivoli, was one of the wonders of Imperial Rome—a large park, elaborately landscaped and adorned with a wealth of sculpture and complex architecture, built in the first years of the second century A.D. During the sixteenth century especially it was a positive quarry of classical sculpture, and many of the masterpieces of the Vatican and Capitoline Museums came from it. Since the middle of the last century it has been the property of the Italian Government and all excavation and research within its bounds have been official. Since 1950 excavations, [Continued below.]



FIG. 1. THE VALLEY OF CANOPUS IN HADRIAN'S VILLA, NEAR ROME, WHERE THE STATUES ON THESE PAGES WERE FOUND. THE APSE LEADS TO A SERIES OF UNDERGROUND CHAMBERS, WHICH ONCE HELD A STATUE OF SERAPIS.



FIG. 2. FRAGMENTS OF A FATHER NILE STATUE, SIMILAR TO THAT IN THE VATICAN, WITH A SMALL SPHINX IN THE FOREGROUND. THE CORNUCOPIA SYMBOLISES THE WEALTH WHICH THE WATERS OF THE RIVER BRING.



FIG. 4. ONE OF THE FAMOUS CARYATIDS OF THE ERECHTHEUM ON THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS: FOR COMPARISON WITH THE NEWLY DISCOVERED TIVOLI CARYATIDS (FIGS. 6 AND 7). (Crown copyright: reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the British Museum.)



FIG. 3. A RECLINING STATUE OF FATHER TIBER, WITH A CORNUCOPIA IN HIS RIGHT ARM AND SHELTERING THE SHE-WOLF WHICH IS SUCKLING THE INFANTS, ROMULUS AND REMUS. THE MATERIAL OF ALL THESE STATUES IS WHITE MARBLE.

Continued.]
directed by Professor Pietro Romanelli, have been in progress in the part known as Canopus. Canopus was built by Hadrian in imitation of the Egyptian city near Alexandria, which was the centre of the worship of Serapis. The Canopus in the villa is in the form of an artificial valley with a canal and ending in an apsidal shrine (Fig. 1); and it is from this area that the amazing group of statuary shown here (Figs. 2, 3, 5-8) has been excavated. Many of the statues were found in fragments and restoration is still in progress. The existence of some of the caryatids and the Silenus-pillar was known of in 1953; but it is believed that these are the first photographs of this amazing group to be published in this advanced state of re-assembly and restoration.



FIG. 5. IN THE WORKROOMS OF HADRIAN'S VILLA: TWO SUPERB COLOSSAL STATUES OF RECENT DISCOVERY. RIGHT, A NOBLE MARS; LEFT, A STILL INCOMPLETE MERCURY.



FIG. 6. THE MOST ASTONISHING OF THE TIVOLI DISCOVERIES: (RIGHT) A SILENUS STATUE, WITH THE DEMIGOD SERVING AS A PILLAR; AND (LEFT) ONE OF THE CARYATID FIGURES.



FIG. 7. THREE OUT OF AT LEAST FOUR 10-FT. CARYATIDS DISCOVERED IN HADRIAN'S VILLA. THEY ARE OBVIOUSLY BASED ON THE ERECHTHEUM CARYATIDS (SEE FIG. 4) AND MAY THROW LIGHT ON THEIR ORIGINAL POSE.

Perhaps the most interesting point that emerges is the close resemblance of the Tivoli caryatids (Figs. 6-8) to the Erechtheum caryatids of Athens, one of which is now in the British Museum (Fig. 4). It is well known that Hadrian was a great admirer of all things Greek, and it is not in the least surprising that the caryatids of his villa should be based on the most famous of classical Greek caryatids. But the Erechtheum caryatids have all lost their hands. These newly found caryatids, however, have all the same general pose and, with the left hand, each holds the hem of her *peplos* and with her right holds a round cake.



FIG. 8. DETAIL OF THE RIGHT CARYATID OF FIG. 7. THESE FIGURES ARE CURRENTLY IDENTIFIED WITH CERES, PERHAPS BECAUSE OF THE WHEATEN CAKE IN THE RIGHT HAND, BUT THIS IDENTIFICATION SEEMS UNLIKELY.

Perhaps on this account they have been identified with Ceres, the harvest goddess; but it may very well be that they rather record from the past the original pose of the caryatids of the Erechtheum. To have four statues of Ceres in one place seems a little strange. Caryatids are female figures acting as pillars and, therefore, the Silenus (Fig. 6) can hardly be described as such although it serves the same purpose. The two river gods, Nile and Tiber (Figs. 2-3), recall the famous Vatican statue of the Nile and also the reclining Serapis-Oceanus recently discovered in the Rome Mithraeum, described in our issue of January 8.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

ALL my various orders for seeds ought, I suppose, to have been posted off weeks ago. Fortunately they were not. If, during the past twelve months, I had ordered, promptly and at once, seeds of all the jolly things, the interesting things and the irresistible things of which I had read and heard, and of which I said to myself "I simply must try that next summer," I would find myself in a hideous fix by this time—landed with innumerable packets of seeds, for less than a quarter of which could I find room, time and accommodation to raise and grow.

The only flower seeds which have arrived here so far are two packets of that wonderful China aster "Goldlachs," with flowers of a delicious apricot-pink, a bunch of which a friend brought me last summer. I wrote about it on this page and at once ordered seeds.

Zinnias are always a bit of a gamble in this country, but they are one of the glorious hazards on which I insist on gambling. But zinnias have not figured in my seed orders in recent years. I have acquired them the easy way—a couple of boxes of sturdy, ready-made plants from a nursery. Last year they were a flop—a literal flop. They kept developing a fungoid horror-complaint, probably Botrytis, which caused them to rot and collapse. The cold, wet summer was to blame for this. But I shall gamble again this year on a couple of boxes of zinnias, and, in addition, shall try the expedient of sowing zinnia seeds in May in the open ground, there to grow undisturbed, untransplanted. Some years ago I saw magnificent zinnias grown in this way in a Sussex garden.

Another gamble on the weather which I shall try this year will be Portulacas, and these, too, I shall sow in the open where they are to flower. They resent being transplanted. This in spite of an item of cultural advice about Portulacas which I once gave in a seed catalogue from my Six Hills Nursery at Stevenage—"Portulacas should only be sown in a spring preceding a long, hot, dry summer." It was deeply interesting to find what a lot of people were foisted, puzzled and bemused by this perhaps rather silly joke. In spite of our climate, I am impelled to order Portulaca seed by a wonderful photograph, "Portulaca grandiflora, double mixed," in a recently published book, "Annual Flowers," by Angus C. Barber. A fascinating, most valuable and highly provocative book.

An annual which I really must grow this summer—if only for Auld Lang Syne—is *Schizopetalum walkeri*. Fifty years ago I fell for its poetic name and ordered a packet of seeds—1d. in those days, 6d. now, shattering!—and sowed a small patch in a sunny mixed flower border. It did quite well. A curious little plant, about a foot high, a crucifer, with quantities of white flowers whose four petals were deeply cut into narrow strips which gave them almost the appearance of a white "Ragged Robin," *Lychnis flos-cuculi*. This gave them quite a distinctive look; but even more outstanding was their strong almond fragrance at night. Thirty years later I met this plant growing wild on the hills behind Valparaiso, in Chile, recognised it at once, and rather astonished a friend who was with me—and myself—by exclaiming: "Hullo, *Schizopetalum walkeri*!" Odd how wholly improbable names will sometimes stick in one's memory decade after decade. I wonder who grows *Schizopetalum walkeri*, and how well it has paid seedsmen to go on cataloguing this plant for fifty years or more. Only once in a fairly long lifetime, spent mostly among gardens, have I seen *Schizopetalum* in cultivation. Probably it's a case of making up on the sweet peas and nasturtiums what they lose on the *Schizopetalums*. Thank goodness there are some nurserymen and some seedsmen who are prepared to do

THE SEED LIST.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

business on these lines. Thank goodness, too, that these good plant-lovers seem to prosper reasonably well on it.

A pretty and amusing little annual, if not a particularly showy one, which I intend to grow this year is *Ionopsisidium acaule*, and in spite of what I wrote last week about growing wholly un-Alpine annuals among Alpine plants in the rock garden, I am going to sow small pinches of the seed in odd open spaces and vacant corners among the rocks in some of my sink and stone-trough rock gardens. It is a small, neat

I am horrified to find that it is many years since I grew mignonette. How easy it is to forget to order and sow the easiest and the loveliest things!

The trouble is, of course, that there are such innumerable things which may be had for a few pence, and one can not grow all of them all the time. But that, perhaps, is the secret of the fascination of gardening. For ever something new to try and some old favourite to restore to favour. A few decades ago someone

told me that it was possible to grow a single specimen mignonette in a pot and train it up into a small standard tree, which under glass will live for several years and develop quite a hard, woody trunk. I tried this experiment. Sowed a few mignonette seeds near the centre of a 5-in. flower-pot and pulled out all except the strongest. This I trained up to a bamboo and pinched out all side growths as they appeared. I managed to get a clear 8- or 9-in. stem with a branched, roundish head about 5 or 6 ins. through. The difficulty was that the plant had a perfect mania for flowering instead of making the vigorous tree-forming branches that I wanted. Every shoot and side-shoot formed small heads of flower buds, which had to be pinched out. Eventually it did become a fairly respectable miniature standard, with a trunk about as thick as a lead-pencil. It lived for just over a year, wintering in a cool greenhouse with the cinerarias and other tender plants. In the end I allowed it to flower, and eventually it died in seed-birth. It was an interesting experiment, which would, I think, have been more successful if I had grown it in rather richer and more nourishing conditions, to overcome its passion for flowering and reproduction.

In addition to Portulacas, I must certainly have a good batch of Livingstone daisy, *Mesembryanthemum criniflorum*. Two brilliant and enchanting sun-lovers. Last summer, slugs gnawed my plants to the bone before I knew what they were up to. An old favourite which I intend to grow again this summer, after rather a long lapse, is "Cream Cups," *Platystemon californicus*. The plant, a hardy annual, grows about 9-12 ins. high, with cup-shaped, six-petaled flowers—like super-buttercups—of a particularly clean and lovely cream colour—Jersey cream. It has a beauty of form, balance, and refinement that make it one of the most beautiful of all the Californian hardy annuals, if not the most brilliant.

Among vegetables I shall try the new purple brussels sprouts which I saw at the R.H.S. Olympia Show last autumn, in the hope that they may give some variation in the brussels sprouts flavour, of which I become heartily sick at this time of year.

I feel tempted, too, to grow once again some chicory for winter forcing. It is a relatively easy vegetable or salad to grow. Sown thinly in spring and thinned out in the rows, it develops a stout, fleshy tap-root. The stouter the better. In autumn or early winter these roots are dug up, and with their crowns trimmed, planted in a box of soil, watered and kept in the dark in the house—either a cellar or an attic—to produce the creamy-white cones of leaf which are so excellent cooked as a vegetable, or raw as a salad. Cooked, they have much the flavour of seakale, but some think better. They have a pleasantly sub-bitter tang. The leaves may also be eaten raw like celery, the butt of each leaf dipped lightly in mayonnaise sauce, home-made with olive-oil and vinegar and yolk of egg, not the bottle makeshift. Chicory is imported in large quantities from the Continent, and boxes of its fat, creamy-white cones are to be found in most good greengrocers' shops during the winter months. But the dreary monotony of brussels-sprouts is apt to drive me, at any rate, into rather too great extravagance with bought chicory.

Yes, I think a packet of chicory seed is indicated.

thing, making a plant about 2 or 3 ins. across and a couple of inches high. Within these limits it forms a dome of spoon-shaped leaves and pale lilac flowers, masses of them, carried singly on threadlike stems. It is a good many years since I grew this pretty little thing, and I hope that its presence here among small rocks and rock plants may reassure me that, in spite of certain strong views and hatreds in the matter, I am not a fanatical, bigoted Alpine purist.

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NAMED AFTER QUEEN CHARLOTTE, THE CONSORT OF GEORGE III.: FORT CHARLOTTE, BUILT IN 1788 BY JOHN MURRAY, 4TH EARL OF DUNMORE, THE THEN GOVERNOR OF THE BAHAMAS; LARGEST OF THE THREE OLD FORTS SURVIVING IN NASSAU.



ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BEACHES: PARADISE BEACH, ON HOG ISLAND, A TROPICAL ISLAND ACROSS NASSAU HARBOUR, REACHED IN AN 8-MINUTE TRIP BY BOAT FROM PRINCE GEORGE'S WHARF, WHICH IS NAMED AFTER THE LATE DUKE OF KENT.



AN ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND SPORT OF THE BAHAMAS: THE GLORIOUS FUN OF WATER-SKIING BEING ENJOYED ON THE CANAL IN HOG ISLAND, NASSAU, BAHAMAS. THE ISLAND IS FAMOUS FOR ITS BEACH OF FIRM, WHITE CORAL SAND.



SHOWING ONE OF THE OLD CANNON: THE TERRACE OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NASSAU, WHICH STANDS ON THE TOP OF MOUNT FITZWILLIAM, NAMED AFTER RICHARD FITZWILLIAM, GOVERNOR, 1733-38.



THE CHIEF THOROUGHFARE OF NASSAU, CAPITAL OF THE BAHAMAS, A TOWN WHICH DATES FROM 1729: A VIEW OF BAY STREET, WHICH RUNS PARALLEL WITH THE SEA FOR THE LENGTH OF THE TOWN.



TYPICAL OF NASSAU'S OLD-WORLD CHARM, LOVELY CLIMATE AND LEISURELY WAY OF LIFE: HORSE-DRAWN VEHICLES WITH, IN THE BACKGROUND, GREGORY'S ARCH. THIS PICTURESQUE STRUCTURE OF CEMENT, COVERED WITH PINK STUCCO, LEADS TO THE SEA.

WHERE PRINCESS MARGARET WILL BE WELCOMED ON FEBRUARY 26: NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE, CAPITAL OF THE BAHAMAS.

Princess Margaret was due to reach Trinidad by air on February 1 and on February 5 to fly to Tobago (which is administratively grouped with Trinidad) before embarking in the Royal Yacht for the Windward Islands, to visit Grenada and St. Vincent. Barbados, lying to the east of the Caribbean chain, was scheduled for February 9-12, and on February 14 her Royal Highness is due at Antigua, Leeward Islands, and is to spend a day at St. Kitts, in the same group, before leaving for Jamaica, where she is due on February 19. On

February 24, the Royal traveller plans to leave in the Royal Yacht for the Bahamas, and will stay at Nassau, the capital, on New Providence Island, where she will be entertained to H.E. the Governor and C.-in-C., the Earl of Ranfurly, and the Countess of Ranfurly. She is due to leave by B.O.A.C. *Stratocruiser* for home on March 2. Needless to say that a full programme of official engagements of a varied and interesting kind has been arranged for her Royal Highness, and that the dates we give are those provisionally settled in advance.



A BEAUTIFUL BEACH IN TRINIDAD, THE FIRST WEST INDIAN ISLAND WHICH PRINCESS MARGARET ARRANGED TO VISIT : MARACAS BAY, 25 MILES FROM PORT OF SPAIN



A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE LEeward ISLANDS : HARVESTING SUGAR IN ANTIQUA, AN ISLAND WHICH THE PRINCESS HAS ARRANGED TO VISIT ON FEBRUARY 14 AND 15.



FORMING A PICTURESQUE GROUP IN THEIR GAY DRESSES : WOMEN OF THE WINDWARD ISLANDS, WITH BANANAS LOADED ON THEIR HEADS.



ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THE CARIBBEAN ISLANDS WHICH HER ROYAL HIGHNESS IS VISITING : A VIEW IN GRENADA, WINDWARD ISLANDS, LOOKING TO ST. GEORGE'S FORT ACROSS THE CAPITAL, ST. GEORGE.

PRINCESS MARGARET, sister of the Queen, was due to visit her Caribbean Tour (the first Commonwealth journey she has made unaccompanied by any other member of the Royal family by flying first class) which she arranged to reach on February 1. Her Royal Highness has planned to visit many of the most romantic parts of the Commonwealth. The British West Indies are an archipelago of islands of hilly districts enclosing the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico. Trinidad and Barbados do not properly belong to the Caribbean, although the Bahamas (twenty inhabited and many uninhabited islands and reefs of the southern coast of Florida) are not strictly part of the West Indies, but for geographical purposes are included in the category. The islands are the summits of a submerged range of mountains, whose continuation is to be found in the peaks of the Andes. They differ in physical characteristics, but the climate in all is marine, and the heat of the lower levels is tempered by breeze. The flora

(Continued opposite)



A TYPICAL ENTERTAINMENT AT A GARDEN-PARTY IN TRINIDAD : A SMALL "STEEL BAND" GIVING A PERFORMANCE. THEIR INSTRUMENTS ARE "DRUMS" MADE FROM THE TOP OF PETROL DRUMS.



SHOWING THE COLOURFUL DRESSES BELOVED BY THE INHABITANTS, AND SO WELL SUITED TO THEIR DARK SKINS : A SCENE IN THE MARKET OF PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD.

is immensely varied, for plants of all kinds of the world have been introduced, and now flourish. The mountainous nature of the islands makes it possible for fruits and grains from temperate climates to grow at the higher altitudes, no great distance from plants indigenous to the tropics. Plantation crops like sugar-cane and tobacco were the only crops cultivated; now beans, peas, maize, and bananas are all grown profitably. Trinidad and Jamaica, both discovered by Columbus, were occupied by the British in 1707 and 1655 respectively. The former was ceded by the Treaty of Amiens in 1802, and possession of the latter was given to us by the Treaty of Madrid in 1707. Maracas Bay, described as "the perfect tropical beach of every adventure story," is a favorite place for Port of Spain. The pre-war premier playground for the British, the American wartime base, and the U.S. Army, as a generous gesture, built a 25-mile *corniche* road to Maracas to take it's place.

Colour photographs by Anne Holt.



RAFTING DOWN THE RIO GRANDE, IN JAMAICA. IT HAS BEEN ARRANGED THAT PRINCESS MARGARET WILL ENJOY SUCH AN EXCURSION ON FEBRUARY 23.



ON THE ST. JAMES' COAST, BARBADOS, KNOWN AS THE "PLATINUM COAST" ON ACCOUNT OF ITS SILVER SANDS AND LUXURY VILLAS : A TYPICAL HOUSE SET AMID PALMS.



IN BRIDGETOWN, CAPITAL OF BARBADOS, AN ISLAND LYING EAST OF THE WINDWARD GROUP : A STREET SHOWING THE MODERN CONCRETE BUILDINGS PAINTED IN GAY COLOURS.



SELLING PAW-PAW, SOURSOP, SWEETSOAP, BREADFRUIT, MELONS, PINEAPPLES AND OTHER EXOTIC FRUITS : WOMEN AT A MARKET NEAR ST. JOHNS, IN ANTIQUA.

PRINCESS MARGARET'S CARIBBEAN TOUR: SCENES OF FAIRY-TALE BEAUTY AND COLOUR IN SOME OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH ISLANDS SHE IS VISITING.



THE MOST PROMINENT FEATURE OF OUR TRADITIONAL COVER: ST. PAUL'S, FULLY REVEALED BY THE BOMBING OF WORLD WAR II. THE CATHEDRAL ITSELF RECEIVED TWO DIRECT HITS.

Since May 1842, when the first copy of *The Illustrated London News* made its appearance, a view of St. Paul's Cathedral has appeared on our cover. To-day that view is different, for bombs and fires of World War II. have destroyed so many buildings in the immediate vicinity of the Cathedral. The emergence of the Dome at dawn after a night's blitz, however, became something of a miracle, a symbol of hope to the people of London. But time, aided by the ravages of war, has brought decay and disruption, requiring costly

craftsmanship to repair. Funds, therefore, have to be raised immediately for restoration work if the Cathedral is to be saved from further dilapidation, and the St. Paul's Cathedral Campaign has been launched for this purpose. The sum required—£400,000 capital expenditure and £20,000 a year additional income—is large, but there is every hope that the response will be a generous one. Donations, however small, will be welcomed, and should be sent to the Dean, St. Paul's Cathedral, London, E.C.4.

THE PRINCESS'S TOUR: TRINIDAD, GRENADA, BARBADOS, ST. KITTS AND NASSAU.



WHERE PRINCESS MARGARET WAS TO STAY DURING HER VISIT TO TRINIDAD: GOVERNMENT HOUSE, AT ST. ANNS, PORT-OF-SPAIN.



WHERE PRINCESS MARGARET HAS ARRANGED TO STAY FROM FEBRUARY 9-12: GOVERNMENT HOUSE, AT BRIDGETOWN, WHICH IS THE CAPITAL OF BARBADOS.



COMMANDING THE WESTERN ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR AT NASSAU, IN THE BAHAMAS: HISTORIC FORT CHARLOTTE, WHICH WAS BUILT IN 1788, SEEN FROM THE AIR.



FROM "THE SPICE ISLAND OF THE WEST": NUTMEG FROM GRENADA. NUTMEGS AND CACAO OCCUPY ALMOST THE WHOLE OF THE INTERIOR OF THE ISLAND.



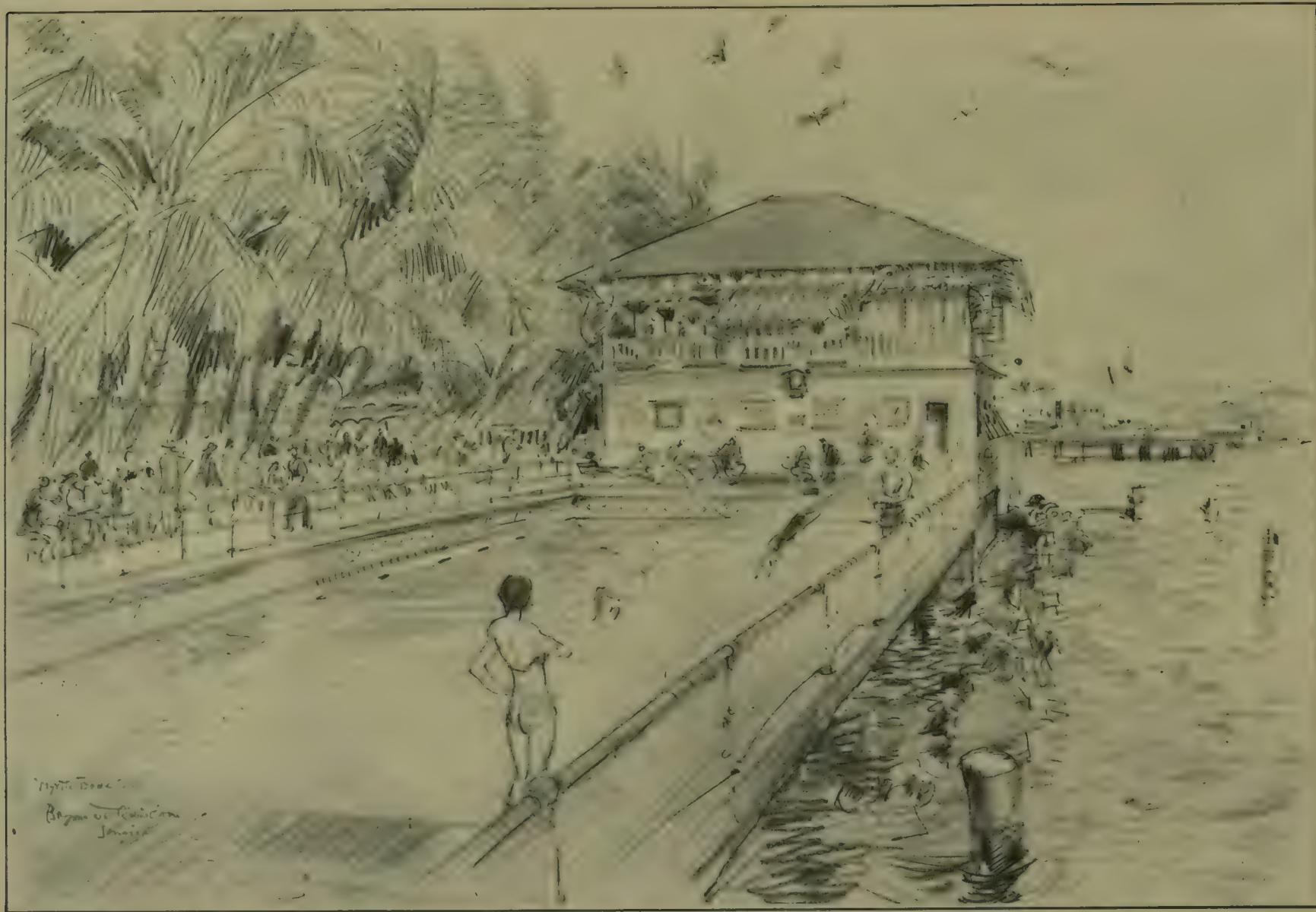
WHERE THE PRINCESS IS DUE TO ARRIVE ON FEBRUARY 16: ST. KITTS (ST. CHRISTOPHER), SHOWING A VIEW FROM THE DISMANTLED FORTRESS ON BRIMSTONE HILL.

Princess Margaret was due to arrive by air in Trinidad on February 1 at the start of her Caribbean tour and to stay in Government House, Port-of-Spain, during her four-day visit to the island. On February 5, after embarking in the Royal Yacht at the end of a day's visit to Tobago, the Princess was due to sail for Grenada, the most southerly of the Crown Colonies known as the Windward Islands, and the seat of government. Grenada, which is often called the "Spice Island of the West," is entirely dependent for its prosperity on agriculture, and cacao and nutmegs occupy almost the whole of the interior of the island. Grenada, which has a total area of about 120 square miles (about half the size of the



IN BRIDGETOWN, CAPITAL OF BARBADOS: THE BRONZE STATUE OF NELSON, IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE, WHICH WAS ERECTED ON MARCH 22, 1813.

County of Middlesex), is very mountainous and has beautiful scenery, some of which the Princess will be able to enjoy during her tour. After paying visits to St. Vincent, Barbados and Antigua her Royal Highness is due to land at Basseterre, the capital of St. Christopher, better known as St. Kitts, in the Leeward Islands, on February 16. This island, which is of volcanic origin and very mountainous, has a total area of 68 square miles. At the end of her Caribbean tour Princess Margaret is due to spend four days in the Bahamas, where she will stay in Nassau, the capital of New Providence, the most important, though not one of the larger islands of the group.



ONE OF THE PLEASURES OF LIFE IN JAMAICA, WHICH PRINCESS MARGARET HAS ARRANGED TO VISIT FROM FEBRUARY 19-24: BATHING IN THE MYRTLE BANK POOL, KINGSTON.



THE HEART OF BRIDGETOWN, CAPITAL OF BARBADOS, WHERE THE PRINCESS IS DUE FROM FEBRUARY 9-12: TRAFALGAR SQUARE, SHOWING THE MARKET AND (BACKGROUND) PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

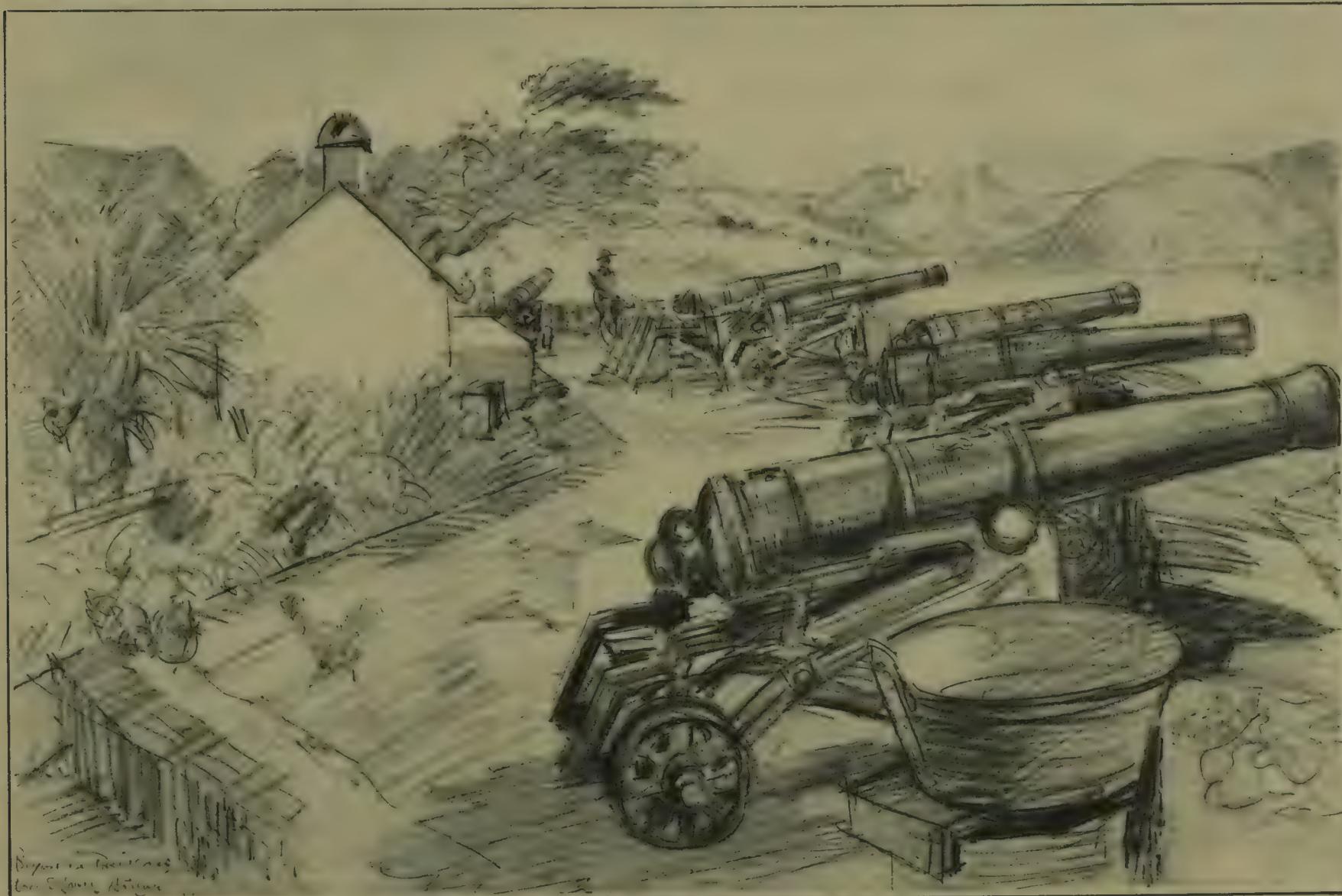
THE PRINCESS'S TOUR: A SWIMMING-POOL IN JAMAICA AND THE CENTRE OF BRIDGETOWN, CAPITAL OF BARBADOS.

Princess Margaret is due to reach Jamaica, largest of the British West Indian islands, on February 19 and to remain until the 24th. Kingston, the capital, was founded in 1692, after Port Royal, till then the chief town, had been destroyed by an earthquake; but it did not become the seat of Government till 1870. The Royal traveller is due to reach Barbados on February 9 and stay until February 12. Captain de Grineau has recorded his impressions of

Trafalgar Square, heart of its capital, Bridgetown. It contains the fine public buildings of coral rock; and also the second statue in memory of Admiral Lord Nelson to be erected in the British Commonwealth. It was put up on March 22, 1813, following an appeal for subscriptions made at a funeral sermon preached on January 5, 1806, after the news of Trafalgar and of Nelson's death had reached Barbados. It is illustrated in a photograph on page 225.



A HISTORIC BUILDING IN ANTIGUA WHICH PRINCESS MARGARET IS TO SEE DURING HER VISIT OF FEBRUARY 14-15: ADMIRAL'S HOUSE, WHERE NELSON LIVED IN 1786-87.



SHOWING THE GUNS OF FOUDROYANT, WHICH WAS CAPTURED FROM THE FRENCH IN 1698, THE LARGEST SHIP KNOWN TO HAVE USED ENGLISH HARBOUR: FORT JAMES, ANTIGUA.

THE PRINCESS'S TOUR: ANTIGUA, AN ISLAND WITH MEMORIES OF ADMIRAL LORD NELSON AND KING WILLIAM IV.

Antigua, seat of the Government of the Leeward Islands, which Princess Margaret has planned to visit on February 14-15, was discovered by Columbus on his second voyage and named after Sta. Maria la Antigua, a church in Seville. The island is celebrated for its associations with our greatest naval hero, Lord Nelson, and other famous British commanders. The Princess has arranged to visit English Harbour and Nelson Dockyard, and to enjoy a picnic lunch at Clarence House, which was built for Prince William Henry (then Duke of Clarence

and later William IV.), who resided there when in command of *Pegasus*, one of the ships in Nelson's Leeward Islands Squadron. Admiral's House, where Nelson lived in 1786-87, has been repaired by the activities of the "Friends of English Harbour," and now contains relics and various objects connected with him. Nelson first visited Antigua in 1784 when captain of H.M.S. *Boreas*. Other famous British admirals who used the dockyard include Rodney (1761 and 1780), Hood (1780) and Jervis (1793).

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

GHOSTS IN ST. JAMES'S.

By J. C. TREWIN.

A PLAYGOER in search of melancholy (late autumn all the year round) can find it during a brief walk in Central London. At the end of the Strand he will remember the lost glory of the Lyceum and Gaiety Theatres. In John Street, Adelphi, he mourns the Little Theatre. In Shaftesbury Avenue he will both pause by the gap that held the Shaftesbury, and, further down, notice the blank façade of the Queen's. At the top of Dean Street is the silent Royalty. All are "dead" theatres, either swept from the map or else unusable. One is a dance hall.

There are others, the Holborn Empire, for example, and the Kingsway, though we have now heard that the second of these—it is in Great Queen Street—may rise again this year. Several of the lost theatres were war casualties: others, for one reason or another, were condemned or converted, just as Foulston's beautiful Theatre Royal in Plymouth, a crown of the city and of the West, was demolished twenty years ago to make room for a stencil-cinema.

London playgoers sigh for the vanished theatres: they are irreplaceable. One of the most wistful essays I know, and one to which I return again and again, is H. M. Walbrook's "Halls Where Jamshy'd Gloried," a journey to three of the older theatre sites. Only hints remained, "an arch, a staircase, a medallion—mere odds and ends of iron and stone." I think especially of Walbrook's visit (this was in the middle 'twenties) to the Princess's in Oxford Street, then gutted and in use as a furniture storehouse: the theatre where Charles Kean had produced those fantastically elaborate Shakespearian revivals, and the child Ellen Terry had dragged Mamillius's go-cart (an exact copy of one on a Greek vase) and appeared as Puck ("a pretty little girl, belted and garlanded with flowers"). Now it has totally disappeared: no trace exists.

We have been dismayed lately by news of danger to the St. James's and the Stoll. We would regret the loss of the Stoll; but the destruction of the St. James's would be a deadly stab. Although London may have finer theatres, few can summon memory as the St. James's does. That gracious interior, the warm theatrical crimson-and-gold, mean much to anyone with a sense of the past.

Certainly, I cannot imagine King Street without the dignified and reticent façade. My programme-pack for the last two decades is heavy enough; but consider, briefly, the record of the theatre since John Braham's day. Braham, the famous tenor, was around sixty when he bought the King Street site on which an old hotel building, called Nerot's, had stood since the Restoration. On December 14, 1835, the new house was opened with an opera called "Agnes Sorel," which, in those days of hampering theatrical regulations, had to be described as "an operatic burletta." Braham himself sang the tenor part, and among his cast was Priscilla Horton (later Mrs. German Reed), who may be remembered best as Lear's Fool when Macready boldly restored this to his recension of Shakespeare's text.

At first there was little luck about the house; playgoers said, oddly, that it was too far west (even to-day it is hard to deviate from the accepted "trade routes" of theatre-going). In April 1836 the first of many French companies came to the St. James's—the tradition has endured, for in our time the Comédie-Française and the Renaud-Barrau companies have appeared there—and later, on September 29, 1836, Braham presented a farcical comedy called "The Strange Gentleman." Its author was "Boz," otherwise Charles Dickens. Dickens (with John Hullah) also wrote the opera, "Village Coquettes," for Braham: a sad failure financially. The theatre was not paying. Braham lost nearly all his

savings in it within three years. Other managers, including "Poet" Bunn, a former autocrat of both Drury Lane and Covent Garden, were similarly unfortunate. It seemed that only a spectacle called "A Forest of Wild Animals"—what would King Street say to it now?—could draw playgoers to the St. James's.

At length, in 1842, and after a short interregnum when the theatre was called the Prince's (from the Prince Consort), the enterprising Mitchell, of Bond

Street, took the lease and began a twelve years French season.

It brought to London such artists as the great Rachel herself and Frédéric Lemaître. The Duchess of Kent wrapped her own shawl about the actress when Rachel complained one night of the cold in the wings.

Among various later managers were those of Alfred Wigan, Benjamin Webster and Miss Herbert. It was under Miss Herbert that young Henry Irving made his first important appearance in London—on October 6, 1866—as Doricourt in "The Belle's Stratagem." He went on to Rawdon Scudamore, the villain of Boucicault's "Hunted Down," given before a notable first-night audience, with George Eliot and G. H. Lewes in a stage-box and Bulwer Lytton and Lord Stanhope close at hand. Laurence Irving, the great actor's grandson, records that, at the end, as

George Eliot turned to leave, she asked Lewes what he thought of Irving, and Lewes replied: "In twenty years he will be at the head of the English stage." "He is there already, I think," George Eliot murmured. That night the French critic Scherer, to whom Irving was introduced at the Arundel Club after the play, said: "You may call yourself a son of Somerset but your temperament and genius, like other things about you, are those of a Celt." Before the season ended Irving had appeared in "The Road to Ruin," in an adaptation of Sardou, as Sheridan's Joseph Surface, and in a drama founded on Ouida's novel, "Idalia." A young actor named Charles Wyndham was in the cast of this play.

So forward to the Hare and Kendal management, and at length, in November 1890, to the twenty-seven years that would set the St. James's unshakably (so one would have thought in those days) among the

"elder statesmen" of the West End theatres. This was the reign of George Alexander, who installed electric light, had the seats re-upholstered, and became an actor-manager at the age of thirty-two.

Here London heard the first Wilde play, "Lady Windermere's Fan"; here, on a historic May night in 1893, Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Paula Ray (who would become Paula Tanqueray) out-dazzled the lights as she entered Aubrey's rooms, 2x, Albany, and came presently to the line, "I love fruit when it's expensive." Here, in January 1895, poor Henry James was hissed at the première of his "Guy Domville" (and carried away, we are told, an impression of hostile faces white against the dark background of the gallery); and here, too, on February 14, 1895, the stars and rockets of "The Importance of Being Earnest" crackled over St. James's.

One drama critic of the day, the red-bearded representative of *The Saturday Review*, Bernard Shaw, took an independent stand: "I cannot say that I greatly cared for 'The Importance of Being Earnest.' It amused me, of course; but unless comedy touches me as well as amuses me, it leaves me with a sense of having wasted my evening." Later critics have not found the evening wasted.

Any record of the Alexander reign must turn to catalogue (but what a glorious catalogue the tale of the St. James's must be!). Swords clashed and cloaks swirled in "The Prisoner of Zenda"; Alexander staged "Much Ado About Nothing"; Henry Ainley, in "Paolo and Francesca," looked down the sunset-road to Rimini; Alexander, as Villon, was monarch for a day in "If I Were King"; he and Irene Vanbrugh were, excitingly, the Hilary and Nina of Pinero's "His House In Order," one of the best well-made dramas ever written; and Forbes-Robertson took the theatre in the autumn of 1908 for "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," a play he was never allowed to forget.

Alexander died in March 1918. The St. James's record hurtles on through the years between the wars. First-nighters at "The Green Goddess" discovered that the dour William Archer, Ibsen's man, was a relishing melodramatist. Sir Gerald du Maurier moved wittily in Lonsdale's world (of the earl-and-the-girl), and acted a celebrated silent scene in the Dearden-Pertwee "Interference." Early in the 'thirties, Edith Evans (not yet a Dame), as the Welsh maid-servant, Gwenwyn, took her audiences to high heaven in "The Late Christopher Bean," with Sir Cedric Hardwicke to partner her as the avaricious provincial doctor.

Where next? I can snatch only four or five programmes from the bulging pack: Emlyn Williams's "The Wind of Heaven" (who has forgotten the Welsh shepherd of Herbert Lomas?); Fry's "Venus Observed," an autumn festival of words; Olivier's productions of "Cæsar and Cleopatra" and "Antony and Cleopatra" (I have not known a quieter audience than during the last half-hour of "Antony"); and now a performance of Terence Rattigan's "Separate Tables" that does honour to English acting.

So much more: I find that, in this slither-and-skim, I have omitted the Christy Minstrels who "drew tears" from Thackeray; the brief management of Mrs. Langtry; Ainley as Mark Antony; a flying-bomb overhead during a grim comedy in the last autumn of the war. Why proceed? It is enough to show that much of the history of the Theatre Theatrical, over a hundred-and-twenty years, is stored in the little house in King Street. If the St. James's should go, though I cannot believe for a moment that its loss will be permitted, then this street must be haunted at nightfall. "Where are the passions they essayed, and where the tears they made to flow? . . ." Where indeed?



THE MAN WHO BUILT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE IN 1835 AT A COST OF NEARLY £30,000: JOHN BRAHAM, THE FAMOUS TENOR, WHO LOST MOST OF HIS MONEY IN THE VENTURE FOR, UNHAPPILY, THE THEATRE DID NOT AT FIRST PAY.

(From an engraving by Thomson from a drawing by Foster, showing Braham as Lord Aimworth in "The Maid of the Mill.")



HEAD OF THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS: GEORGE ALEXANDER, UNDER WHOM MANAGEMENT IT BECAME LONDON'S MOST FASHIONABLE THEATRE.

wasted my evening." Later critics have not found the evening wasted.



IN 1902: A VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE AT THE TIME OF THE PRODUCTION OF STEPHEN PHILLIP'S TRAGEDY "PAOLO AND FRANCESCA."

Photographs reproduced from "The Tatler" of March 5, 1902.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"RENDEZVOUS 45, PARK LANE" (Park Lane Theatre).—This is hardly a production to reconcile one to intimate revue, a form of entertainment which is being sadly maltreated. Miriam Karlin's late arrival did help a night that, until then, had dragged and pattered on with little relief. (Seen January 19.)

A NEW ENGLISH OPERA: TIPPETT'S "THE MIDSUMMER MARRIAGE."



MIDSUMMER MORNING; JENIFER (JOAN SUTHERLAND) QUARRELS WITH MARK, HER BETROTHED (RICHARD LEWIS; CENTRE), ON THEIR WEDDING DAY, IN THE PRECINCTS OF AN ANCIENT TEMPLE.



MARK (L.; CLASSICAL DRESS) AND JENIFER (JOAN SUTHERLAND; ON STEPS, R.) TRANSFORMED: PRIESTESS (EDITH COATES) SINGING; PRIEST (MICHAEL LANGDON) AT THE TOP OF STEPS.



ONE OF THE RITUAL DANCES EVOKED BY THE LOVE OF BELLA AND JACK: FIRMIN TRECQ AND JULIA FARRON IN "THE EARTH IN AUTUMN."



A PAIR OF YOUNG LOVERS WITH, IN THE BACKGROUND, DANCERS REPRESENTING TREES: BELLA, KING FISHER'S SECRETARY (ADELE LEIGH), AND JACK (JOHN LANIGAN).



ONE OF THE RITUAL DANCES EVOKED BY THE LOVE OF BELLA AND JACK: FIRMIN TRECQ AND JULIA FARRON IN "THE WATERS IN WINTER."



WITH STREPHON, A DANCER (PIRMEN TRECQ: ON WALL; LEFT); MARK (RICHARD LEWIS) WITH IMMORTALS (LEFT), JENIFER (JOAN SUTHERLAND; RIGHT, ON STEPS) AND THE PRIEST (MICHAEL LANGDON; IN DOORWAY).



SOSOSTRIS THE CLAIRVOYANTE (ORALIA DOMINGUES) DESCRIBES THE RITUAL OF THE DIVINE MARRIAGE TO JACK (JOHN LANIGAN; KNEELING HOLDING THE GLOBE) AND JENIFER'S FATHER, KING FISHER (OTAKAR KRAUS, DARK SUIT).

The world première of Michael Tippett's new English opera "The Midsummer Marriage," with scenery and costumes by Barbara Hepworth, the sculptor, and choreography by John Cranko, took place at Covent Garden on January 27. Mr. Tippett wrote the libretto of the complicated story round which his fine music is composed. Jenifer and Mark quarrel on their wedding morning, Midsummer Day, and vanish, to return transformed and no longer quite in the world of reality. The love of Bella and Jack evokes three ritual dances, whose natural end in human

sacrifice is not reached. King Fisher, the earthbound business man, consults a clairvoyante Sosostris, but impatiently bids Jack unveil her. Jack refuses, and King Fisher tears off the veils and dies; and his death evokes the fourth Ritual Dance, "Fire in Summer." The Priest and Priestess of the Temple represent ancient wisdom, and a chorus of modern young people is introduced. The story is largely based on primitive ritual and nature cults. The opera, conducted by Mr. John Pritchard, was well sung; but its story was found puzzling.



THIS is a time of year—I'm writing in mid-January—when, in my part of the country, as a razor-edged wind sweeps in from the north-east—what my neighbours call “a lazy wind,” because it's too lazy to go round you—it is not unusual to see wild geese streaking along overhead against the grey sky, and tough men, among whom I most emphatically do not include myself, will lie out all night in a punt among the reeds, so as to be with the geese when the sun rises. Enthusiasts tell me that to pass such a night and to see such a dawn is a thrilling and ennobling experience. I can well believe it; but somehow I manage to resist acquiring merit in this manner, knowing very well how cold and wet and muddy is that curious waterway called the Humber, and how friendly and warm my bed.

None the less, I like geese, whether domestic or wild, and they earn their keep as burglar-alarms, as Rome discovered long ago when they saved the Capitol. Considering this last notable achievement, and the fact that they are fine creatures anyway, it is a little surprising that they appear so infrequently in European art (the West seems to prefer swans and eagles to geese and ducks). In the Far East they have been favourites and one of the finest Chinese paintings in the British Museum—a Ming Dynasty piece, if my memory is not at fault—is devoted to them; and, odd though it may seem, is as moving a picture as any you can imagine, the birds, the reeds and the water forming together a most subtle and delicate nature study. I know nothing quite like it in Western art, and can never see geese on the wing without thinking of it, as I did a few days ago when geese passed honking overhead as I was on my way to Lincoln, where, looking in at the gallery, I found this Chinese goose (Fig. 3), then on holiday from the Victoria and Albert Museum and part of a “circus” of various animals, and other objects in enamel sent on tour by that beneficent institution. The goose is, I admit, no great work of art, though it is of craft, but it is uncommonly interesting none the less, because it is in one of those very rare techniques which the Chinese learnt from other people, and which they began to practise with great skill in the fifteenth century—that is, *cloisonné* enamel.



FIG. 1. SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE PAINTED ENAMEL ON COPPER: A TEA-CADDY WITH COPPER-GILT MOUNTS. ENGLISH. C. 1770. (Height 3½ ins. approx.)

The small pieces “normally known as ‘Battersea’ enamels were, in fact, mostly made in South Staffordshire.... The object of this manufacture was presumably to compete with porcelain by producing something not less brilliant and far less fragile.”

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Enamelling of any sort implies the use of a suitable foundation upon which to place the enamel colours, and this foundation was usually copper; the Byzantines, and every jeweller since, were fond of gold for this purpose. The Chinese themselves have always said that they learnt the method from the West; there had been contacts with the Roman Empire via the Silk Road across Asia, and later by

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. ENAMELS—CHINESE AND EUROPEAN.

By FRANK DAVIS.

sea, for Arab traders were adventurous, and one theory has it that the Chinese name for *cloisonné*—Fa Lan—is derived from Fo-Lin, their name for Rome, itself a corruption of the Greek Polin, short for Eis Tén Polin, which is one derivation of Istanbul—as we say, “going up to town,” i.e., to the capital city. Whether this theory is tenable I must leave to the philologists; in any case, there appears to be no doubt

The centre of the craft was Limoges, and it was here that the more familiar type of Renaissance enamel was evolved—that is, painting in enamel without fences, as it were, between the colours—at first mainly greys and blues in various tones, these variations produced by laying on transparent white enamel of different thicknesses over a dark ground. A similar technique appears to have been developed at about the same time at Venice, derived from painting on glass. More familiar still to most people will be those snuff-boxes, tea-caddies and odds and ends normally known as “Battersea” enamels, but which were, in fact, mostly made in South Staffordshire in the eighteenth century. Fig. 1 is a popular and typical example. The object of this manufacture was presumably to compete with porcelain by producing something not less brilliant and far less fragile. In this the eighteenth century was successful to some extent; perhaps it would have been yet more successful had it been able to forget all about porcelain and concentrate upon shapes and designs more suitable to the peculiar qualities of copper and enamel.

Chinese connoisseurs were not slow in pointing out its inferiority in this respect as soon as this eighteenth-century type of enamelling made its way East. A considerable industry was established at Canton, where innumerable plates and boxes were made, with charming designs—often from European models—in the current “famille rose” colours. All were called “foreign porcelain,” and were thus neatly put in their place; they were said to be fit for the women's apartments, not for those of scholars and gentlemen. The China of the Emperor Ch'ien Lung was emphatically a man's world; nevertheless, there was a craze for these Canton enamel pieces in Court circles, much as there was a craze for objects with contemporary purely Chinese designs in Europe.

While these three photographs give some indication of the range of this wholly delightful travelling exhibition—which must be unique of its kind—they cannot reproduce either its variety or its richness—richness of colour as well as of content. I should like to bear witness, both to its quality and to the erudite cunning (if I can use the word without offence) with which the story of this enchanting craft has been presented by means of—at a guess—maybe thirty examples. To what extent this and similar “circuses” are appreciated in the wide open spaces of the country I have no means



FIG. 2. DECORATED WITH CHAMPELÉVÉ ENAMEL, AND WITH A GROUP OF THE ANNUNCIATION IN THE CROOK: A PASTORAL STAFF. FRENCH, LIMOGES. THIRTEENTH CENTURY. (Height 12½ ins.)

The unenamelled portions of this Pastoral staff—that is, “the austere representation of the Annunciation in the centre of the crook and the dragon-like creature at the base—are in copper gilt.”

that at some time or other *cloisonné* was introduced into China and had not been known before. Another theory notes the fact that pieces made in the reign of Ch'ing T'ai (1450-1457 A.D.) became famous (so that later generations also placed that Emperor's reign mark upon their productions), and deduces from the date that very possibly refugee craftsmen in enamel from Byzantium (which fell to the Turks in 1453) fled eastwards and found a home in China.

Whatever the truth, it seems that enamel work was unknown before the Ming Dynasty (1368-1644 A.D.), and that during this period a splendidly rich palette was obtained in lapis, turquoise, crimson and green. And now, as the B.B.C. would put it, I return you to Europe. There are three ways of working in enamel. One, *cloisonné*. You take your copper dish or vessel, trace a design on it and solder gold strips on to the outlines of the pattern; by this means you have made a series of little compartments, or *cloisons*. You then fill these *cloisons* with powdered enamels in the colours you want, apply heat, and the colours then fuse into the foundation. You then polish and polish until the surface is smooth. Two, *champlevé*—by this method you dispense with the gold strips, dig out little holes in the copper and fill them with enamel. This was the usual method of mediaeval Europe, and, among other examples, the Museum has sent to this travelling exhibition the pastoral staff of Fig. 2 (one of four in its possession). The photograph shows both the detail of the enamelling and the splendid curvilinear rhythm of the design. The unenamelled portions—e.g., the austere representation of the Annunciation in the centre of the crook and the dragon-like creature at the base—are in copper gilt. How many superb things of this character have been destroyed during the intervening centuries?



FIG. 3. DECORATED WITH CLOISONNÉ ENAMEL: A COPPER INCENSE BURNER IN THE FORM OF A GOOSE. CHINESE, MING DYNASTY (1368-1644). (Height 6½ ins.)

On this page Frank Davis discusses an exhibition of Enamels, sent out “on tour” by the Victoria and Albert Museum, which is due to be shown at Luton from the middle of February. He points out that *cloisonné* “is one of those very rare techniques which the Chinese learnt from other people....”

of knowing; when I saw the enamels I had the place to myself, and I'm hopelessly prejudiced, anyway. What is nice to know is that Mahomet often comes to the mountain, and that you and I, if we happen to live and work far from London, have the opportunity sometimes of enjoying fine things from the national collections. This particular show has left Lincoln and is due to be seen at Luton from the middle of February.



THE SPACE-TRAVELLER'S FIRST BACKWARD GAZE: LOOKING FROM THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON OVER HER CRATERS TO THE NEARLY "FULL" EARTH: A NEW YORK MURAL.



FURTHER AFIELD IN SPACE: THE PLANET JUPITER FROM ITS SECOND SATELLITE, IO. THIS MURAL IN THE HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, NEW YORK, SHOWS ALSO THE SATELLITES CALLISTO, EUROPA AND GANYMEDE.

"THE SPACE-TRAVELLER'S GUIDE TO THE SOLAR SYSTEM": NEW LUNAR AND PLANETARY LANDSCAPES IN NEW YORK.

These two photographs show two of the new "black light" murals which were to be unveiled on February 1 at the Hayden Planetarium of the American Museum of Natural History, New York. The upper shows the Earth, reflecting the Sun's light and nearly "full" from the Moon's viewpoint, against a sky including Mars and the stars of the constellation Scorpio. The lower shows the huge and banded Jupiter (whose diameter is more than eleven times that

of the Earth) seen in imagination from the mountains of Io, one of the planet's twelve satellites, and with the enigmatic "red spot" clearly indicated. The chief feature of the Hayden Planetarium is its "theatre of the sky," with the stars projected on a 75-ft. dome, but the corridors contain many vivid "black light" murals. It is presumed that these are fluorescent murals which, when illuminated with ultra-violet (invisible) rays, glow with an "unearthly" radiance.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

SHREWS' FOLLOW-MY-LEADER.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE "caravanning" of shrews was first observed in detail apparently by Wahlström, who published his story in the "Zeitschrift für Säugetierkunde" (1929, Vol. 4, p. 178). The discovery was accidental. While he was examining a shrew's nest he was astonished to see a veritable procession of shrews from it. With a sweep of both hands he transferred the whole procession to his handkerchief and took them home. There, emptying the handkerchief, he found the formation unbroken. One of the baby shrews was holding by its mouth to the fur at the root of the mother's tail. A second was holding its brother (or sister) in the same manner, and so on with all five of the litter.

Wahlström kept the family in a vivarium and was able to watch the caravanning on a number of occasions. The manner in which the caravan formed up varied with the occasion. It might consist of pairs, with a single one at the end, or of all five in single line. Typically, of course, the litter would form up with the mother at the head of the procession, but it did sometimes happen that part of the litter ran about or formed a small subsidiary caravan on its own. These subsidiary caravans soon broke up, however, after which the babies forming them would join the main procession. Although the mother's rôle appeared to be passive the youngsters seemed to be aware of her absence in a subsidiary caravan, and soon rectified this by joining up with those already attached to the mother. It was noticed, also, that although the orthodox method of holding on was by gripping the fur near the root of the tail of the one in front, this was not always followed straight away. A young shrew might seize the mother by the fur on the flanks, back or even the mouth. She would then shake it off or, if this failed to dislodge it, gently brush it off with her paw. The youngsters might also seize each other by any part of the anatomy, but in a short space of time they would sort themselves out and the formation would be in order.

Once the family had formed up, there was no more chaos. The procession moved in step, each member varied its pace to be in time with that of the leader (the mother). Any obstacle would be surmounted without losing step. If the mother, alarmed, stopped suddenly and remained so still that not a whisker moved, the whole litter would stop as suddenly and remain still, neither twitching the nose nor moving a whisker. And when the mother started to move again, all would fall into step. Wahlström compared the unanimity of the shrew's caravan with the movement of a millipede's legs, and described the procession as showing no

more disorder than a line of railway wagons behind an engine.

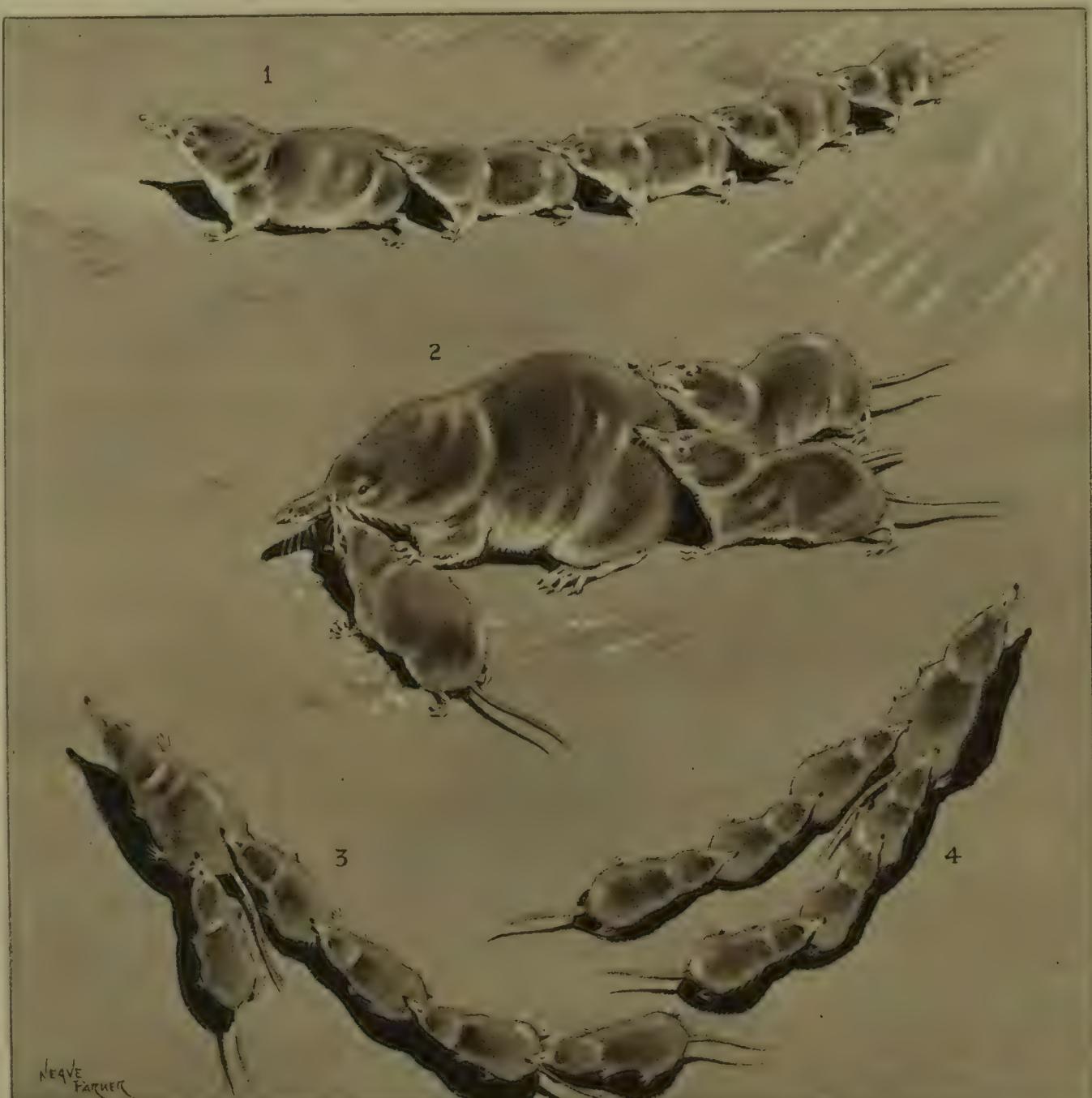
The caravanning is performed only when the litter is young. As they develop, the tendency to form up diminishes and is lost as the individual members increase their independence, until finally they wander off into the world, each on its own. The concerted action seemed to be the result of fear or apprehension. It did not take place in the nest, and a caravan entering the nest would immediately break up. On the other hand, if the mother led the young ones into shelter,

They would also try to do so when, at this same early age, the teeth were not yet sufficiently erupted to enable them to maintain a grip on the fur. Whether the cohesion was initiated and maintained by signals, scent or otherwise, if the mother for any reason detached herself from the line of youngsters, they would remain quiescent, still in formation, until she returned and allowed them to join up to herself before moving off once again.

The movement of a caravan "gave an impression of a single being with one head only and many legs responding to a single will." In the present state of our knowledge we can do no more than form "impressions" of this remarkable phenomenon.

It seems to be a deeply-rooted instinct requiring no learning or previous experience. There is very little in it that is haphazard. For example, if a young shrew took hold of the mother's flank and failed to leave go until after she had started to move, "after a few moments it would recognise its mistake, let go, allow the caravan to proceed a short distance, and then, having turned in the right direction, toil on behind." Finally, the behaviour is not confined to one species. Wahlström made his most complete observations on a species of white-toothed shrew (*Crocidura leucon*). The same behaviour has been observed also in the common shrew; and it is reported also for hedgehogs and weasels. It bears some comparison with the way young otters will hold the mother's tail when she is swimming. And it recalls the way in which the young of many other species will follow the mother in single file.

We know all too little about "caravanning." That little is due almost entirely to chance observations, accidental and rare. What we do know adds



MOVING AS "A SINGLE BEING WITH ONE HEAD ONLY AND MANY LEGS RESPONDING TO A SINGLE WILL": THE MOTHER SHREW HAS HER FAMILY RESPONSIBILITIES LIGHTENED BY A REMARKABLE TRICK, INBORN IN HER OFFSPRING, OF FORMING A CARAVAN IN MOMENTS OF ALARM.

In his article on this page Dr. Burton discusses the "caravanning" of shrews and these drawings illustrate some of the points he makes. No. 1 shows a litter of shrews moving off in single file with the mother at the head, each grasping the one in front by the fur at the root of the tail. No. 2 shows the momentary confusion as the caravan takes form, the youngsters sometimes gripping at the wrong place, but soon rectifying their mistakes. Nos. 3 and 4 show the characteristic forms of the caravan, in single line or in pairs.

Drawn by Our Special Artist, Neave Parker, with the co-operation of Dr. Maurice Burton.

under a turf or other vegetable litter, which was not "home," the procession would retain its cohesion. Any disturbance or alarm would cause the caravan to form, and so would a sudden rise or fall in temperature, a change of scene, or a strange noise or smell. Once properly formed, it would be held even if the mother were picked up in the fingers; the young then hanging from her in a string.

Although Wahlström thought the mother played a passive rôle, it was clear that she not only acted as co-ordinator, but also formed the focal-point for any action on the part of the infants. The young, too, by their actions, showed that her leadership imparted confidence, as well as instilling the discipline of movement. It was suggested that signals, possibly a scent given off by the first one to be startled, may have released the impulse to form up. Certainly that impulse is independent of sight, for very young shrews with the eyes still unopened would "caravan."

credence, however, to a number of other rare and accidental observations, which are apt to be ignored or set aside as impossible stories. It makes more credible, for instance, even if it does not explain, the report years ago of a long line of shrews seen moving across country, each with a small twig in its mouth. And if weasels will form up in pairs behind the mother, then the alleged processions of stoats, animals closely related to weasels, moving in pairs across country become more acceptable. Deeply-rooted infantile traits have a habit of manifesting themselves in the adult under conditions of stress, and I can see no more reason to disbelieve the stories of adult stoats progressing in columns of twos than to disbelieve Wahlström's account of a similar behaviour in young shrews. The chief difference between these two lies in this, that it is possible to sweep a family of shrews into a handkerchief, take them home, and keep them under observation.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



FOUND STRANGLED IN HIS HOUSE :

MR. SERGE RUBINSTEIN.

Once known as the "boy wizard of Wall Street" Mr. Rubinstein, a forty-six-year-old wealthy international financier, was found strangled in his New York house on Jan. 27. For evading military service he had served a thirty months' prison sentence, which ended in 1951, and had been fined £40,000.



DIED AGED FIFTY-ONE : THE DANISH PREMIER, MR. HANS HEDTOFT.

On January 29 Mr. Hedtoft was found dead in bed from a heart attack. A hero of the resistance, two years after the war, at the age of forty-three, he became Prime Minister of Denmark; was defeated in 1950; and returned to power as head of a minority Government in 1953. He was the "creator" of the Nordic Council. His State funeral is on Feb. 7.



WINNER OF THE CORONATION CUP, CRESTA RUN : LORD BRABAZON OF TARA, AGED 71.

On January 26 Lord Brabazon of Tara celebrated his first day on the Cresta Run this season by winning the Coronation Cup. Forty-two years ago in 1913, when he was twenty-nine, he won the Novices' Cup on the Cresta; but in 1955, at the age of seventy-one, he did a better time (134.4 sec. net). There were twenty-three starters.



FOUND GUILTY, BUT RELEASED : MR. MILOVAN DJILAS.

Mr. Djilas, a former Communist leader in Yugoslavia and his colleague, Mr. Vladimir Dedijer, were sentenced on January 24 to eighteen months' and six months' conditional imprisonment respectively for spreading hostile propaganda. They had their sentences immediately suspended and were bound over to be of good behaviour for a specified number of years.



RESIGNED AS SOVIET MINISTER OF TRADE : MR. ANASTAS MIKOYAN.

Mr. Mikoyan, whose resignation was announced on January 24, has been succeeded by Mr. D. V. Pavlov. Last autumn Mr. Mikoyan, a member of the Party Presidium which controls Soviet policy, accompanied Mr. Khrushchev, the First Secretary of the Communist Party, on a long tour of the Far East.



RETURNING HOME FROM SWITZERLAND : THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE AT GENOA.

King Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece are seen above greeting officers as they board the liner *Queen Frederika* at Genoa on January 26 for their return home from Switzerland. Queen Frederika has undergone a successful operation on her ear in Zurich.



THE COMPOSER OF "THE MIDSUMMER MARRIAGE" AND THE DÉCOR DESIGNER : MR. TIPPETT AND MISS HEPWORTH.

"The Midsummer Marriage," a new English opera with libretto and music by Mr. Michael Tippett, on January 27 had its world première at Covent Garden and is illustrated on another page. Miss Barbara Hepworth, the sculptor, designed the décor and costumes. The stage property with which she and the composer are posed represents a tree and is used in the Ballet.



AT A RECEPTION IN MANSION HOUSE FOR OVERSEAS FASHION BUYERS : THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER (RIGHT).

The Duchess of Gloucester was present at a reception for overseas fashion buyers given by the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers in the Mansion House on January 28. The guests were received by the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress.



IN NICE TO ATTEND THE BURAIMI OASIS CONFERENCE, SHEIKH YUSUF YASIN (RIGHT), SAUDI ARABIAN DELEGATE.

The Arbitration Tribunal, which was set up last July after agreement between Saudi Arabia and the U.K., had been reached over the Buraimi dispute, met in Nice on January 20 to determine the common frontier between Saudi Arabia and Abu Dhabi, and sovereignty over the Buraimi Oasis. Also seen above are Abdel Azziz Maged, Tribunal Secretary; and Abdel Rahman Azzam, former Arab League Secretary-General.



BRITISH AIR RACING CHAMPION OF 1954 : MISS FREYDIS LEAF.

For gaining the most points in five air races in the U.K. in 1954, Miss Leaf was presented with the British Racing Championship Trophy by Mr. J. Profumo, Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation, at the Royal Aero Club, London, on January 26. She is the first woman to have won the trophy.



VOTED THE RADIO PERSONALITY OF THE YEAR : MISS JEAN METCALFE.

In the *Daily Mail* National Radio Awards, decided by readers and judging panels all over the country, Miss Jean Metcalfe was voted Sound Broadcasting Personality of the Year. She presents "Family Favourites" for the Forces Overseas; broadcasts in "Woman's Hour" and is a commentator on Royal occasions.



SIGNING THE FORMOSA DEFENCE RESOLUTION : PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, WITH SENATORS KNOWLAND (LEFT) AND WILEY.

In Washington on January 29 President Eisenhower signed the joint resolution passed by the House of Representatives and the Senate which authorises him to use armed American forces "as he deems necessary" to protect the island of Formosa against any attack by the Chinese Communists. In thanking Congress, the President referred to Nationalist China as "our brave ally."

IN HOME AND FOREIGN WATERS: VOYAGES, TRAGIC AND TRIUMPHANT.



SHOWING A PORTION OF HER HULL ABOVE WATER AND ONE OF THE EASILY DISTINGUISHED UNION FLAGS PAINTED ON HER SIDE: THE BRITISH STEAMER *EDENDALE*, WHICH WAS BOMBED AND SUNK BY CHINESE NATIONALIST AIRCRAFT AT SWATOW ON JANUARY 19.



CAPSIZED AFTER BEING BOMBED BY CHINESE NATIONALIST AIRCRAFT RAIDING SHIPPING IN SWATOW: THE BRITISH STEAMER *EDENDALE* (1700 TONS).

On January 19, during a raid on shipping in Swatow, the British steamer *Edendale* (1700 tons), built in Newcastle in 1897, was hit by bombs as she unloaded her general cargo; and, in consequence, capsized and sank. The master, Captain L. C. Church, and the crew of fifty-one are safe, but it is feared that the vessel will be a total loss. A British Government protest is being made to the Nationalist Government.



THE FORMER UNITED STATES LINER *MARIPOSA* REBUILT AND MODERNISED: THE *HOMERIC*—TO ENTER THE NORTH ATLANTIC PASSENGER TRADE AS FLAGSHIP OF THE HOME LINE.

The *Homeric* liner (26,000 tons) is now on her second maiden voyage in twenty-three years. Launched in 1932 as the *Mariposa*, she was later used for wartime trooping, and has now been entirely rebuilt in Trieste and magnificently equipped. She flies the Panama flag, and will start her first Atlantic trip from Genoa.



SAILING FROM BARROW-IN-FURNESS, LANCS., FOR HER TRIALS: H.M.S. *MELBOURNE*, THE 14,000-TON LIGHT FLEET AIRCRAFT-CARRIER, FORMERLY THE *MAJESTIC*.

Melbourne, the 14,000-ton light fleet aircraft-carrier, sailed recently for her trials, from Barrow-in-Furness, Lancashire. When completed later in the year she will be handed over to the Royal Australian Navy. She was laid down in 1943, and launched in 1945, and was to have been ready in 1950. Work was, however, suspended so that her design might be modified to include the latest improvements. Among these are an angled deck and a steam catapult.



AFTER OPENING THE COCKBURN SOUND AND DELIVERING THE FIRST CARGO OF CRUDE OIL

TO THE KWINANA REFINERY, WESTERN AUSTRALIA: THE TANKER BRITISH CRUSADER.

On January 11 the Cockburn Sound, enlarged by dredging, was opened to large-scale shipping by the tanker *British Crusader*, which broke a ribbon stretched across the entrance to the dredged sound and delivered the first cargo of crude oil to the new Kwinana refinery operated by the Australasian Petroleum Refinery Ltd.



ON THE ROCKS OFF THE ANGLESEY COAST: THE BRITISH COASTER *BOBARA* (7279 TONS),

WHICH BROKE HER BACK AFTER RUNNING AGROUND ON JANUARY 24.

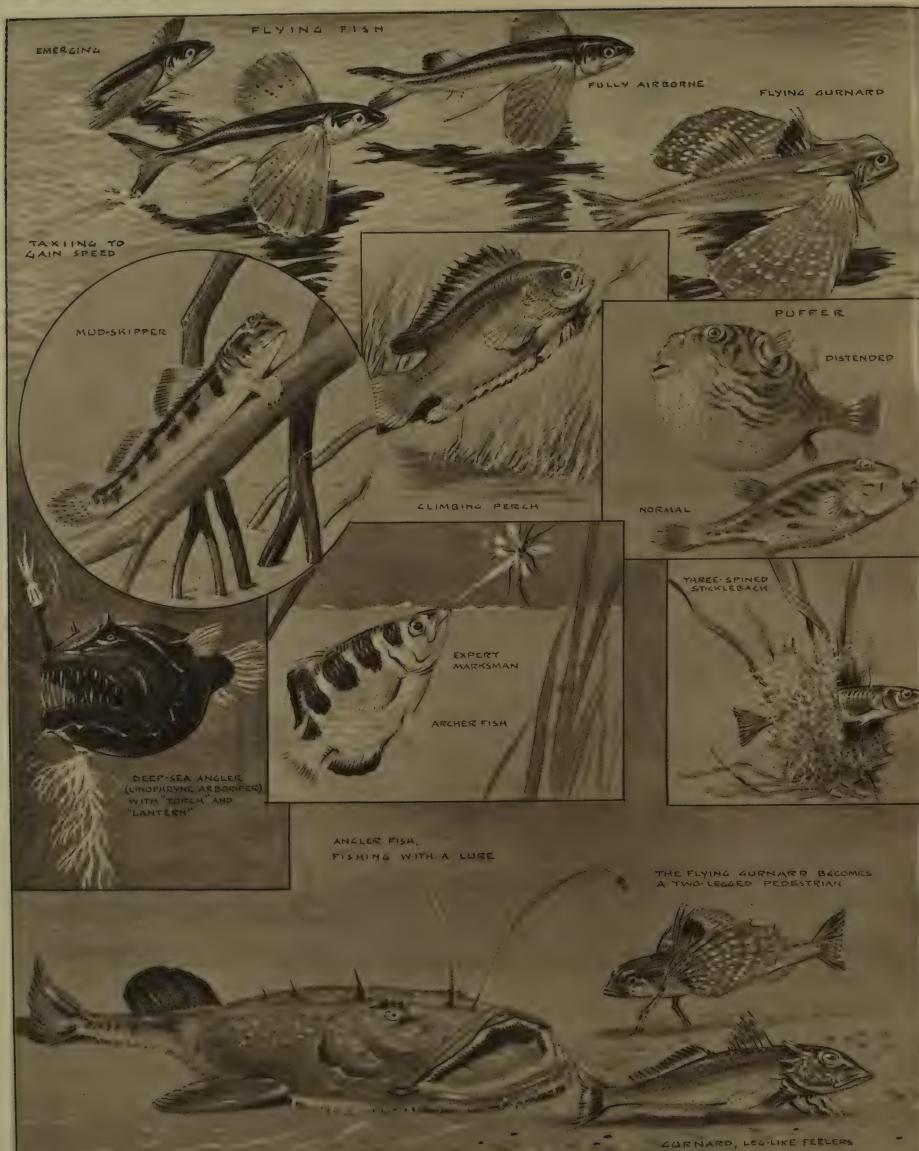
The British coaster *Bobara* ran aground near Rhosneigr, Anglesey, broke her back and settled on the rocks. The crew, ordered to abandon ship, were brought ashore by breeches buoy. The master, Captain A. Flint, of Bristol, swam ashore, clad only in vest and underpants, for help on January 24, and returned to his ship.



A PERUVIAN MUMMY-CLOTH, WHOSE WEAVERS MUST HAVE WALKED 80 MILES WHILE PREPARING THE WARP FOR THE LOOM—LAID OUT TO ITS FULL LENGTH IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

This impressive length of brown and white striped-cloth was found on a Paracas mummy bundle in Peru, which was excavated by Julius C. Tello. It was brought to New York, where it was unwrapped and studied at the American Museum of Natural History before being returned to Lima. It is noteworthy for its size in view of the types of loom used in prehistoric America (according to a note supplied by Dr. Junius Bird, of the Department of Anthropology, American Museum of Natural History), and is 87 ft. 5 ins. long by 11 ft. 3 ins. wide. It has continuous warp yarns and, like virtually all prehistoric Peruvian fabrics, has four selvages, which are distinguished as side and end selvages. If the warping stakes were set in a straight line, the weavers must have walked about 80 miles in preparing

the warp for the loom. It is assumed that the first warps set were those visible at the left side, as shown in the photograph. The first four warp stripe units are carefully planned; but from then on less care is shown, and at about the point where the weavers may have walked 50 miles, the preparatory work became quite careless. When it was first studied it was the largest single loom product known from Peru; but since then another piece from the same Paracas area has been found (by Professor W. D. Strong, of Columbia University) which is 17 ft. 8 ins. in loom width, but of undetermined length. In all, it is calculated that the piece shown (which would comfortably accommodate a cricket pitch) contained 568,653 ft. of two-ply yarn, which is to say 1,137,306 ft. of single yarn spun for the fabric.

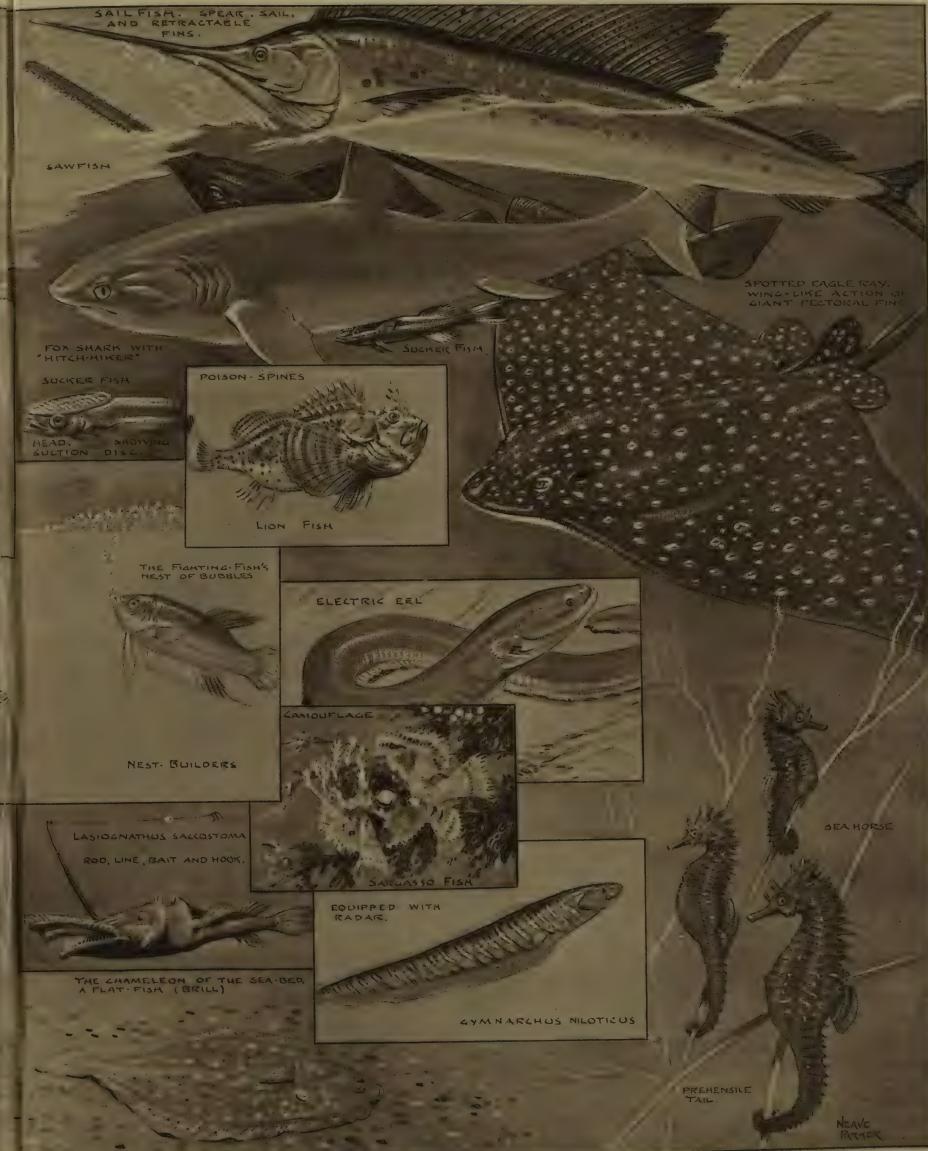


HITCH-HIKERS, ANGLERS, CLIMBERS, PEDESTRIANS, SUCKERS AND OTHERS: SOME REPRESENTATIVES

For many people fish are largely represented by what we may call typical fish, those that find their way to the table. But, in fact, such fish as herring, mackerel, cod and others sold for food merely represent one type, whereas in the seas and the freshwaters there are many thousands of different kinds of fish, with a bewildering variety of ways of living. Some of the more outstanding of these species have been shown above, in a form of diagram, to their best advantage, as it is in books. Flying fish and flying gurnard can take to the air by using their enlarged pectoral fins to keep themselves airborne. This is only a step in advance of others, like eagle rays, in which the exaggerated pectoral fins recall the shape of modern aircraft, and in which the swimming action is wholly reminiscent of sailfish, which are credited with maximum speeds of 60 miles per hour or more. Fish not built in this way for speed find a measure of security in other ways.

For instance, puffer-fish blow themselves up in moments of danger and present to their enemies a skin beet with spines, while lion-fish protect themselves with poison spines. Others seek safety in obscurity, either with a body shaped and coloured to harmonise with their surroundings; as in the Sargasso fish, or by reason of a chameleon-like ability to change colour, according to their surroundings, as in brill. Flying fish and flying gurnard can take to the air by using their enlarged pectoral fins to keep themselves airborne. This is only a step in advance of others, like eagle rays, in which the exaggerated pectoral fins recall the shape of modern aircraft, and in which the swimming action is wholly reminiscent of sailfish, which are credited with maximum speeds of 60 miles per hour or more. Fish not built in this way for speed find a measure of security in other ways.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER, WITH



OF THOUSANDS OF DIFFERENT KINDS OF FISH WHICH LIVE IN A BEWILDERING VARIETY OF WAYS.

and climbing perch, both of which spend long periods of time on land. The former breathes through their tails, while the latter breathes through the latter and carries the gills on the water in their gills. Gurnards may not be able to leave the water, yet they have almost the equivalent of legs. The various methods of food-getting also have their peculiarities, from the ordinary frogfish to deep-sea anglers equipped with rod, line and hook, or the奇特 species with their 'lure' or lure line towards the mouth of many species of marine life. Less remarkable, however, are archer-fish, which shoot down their insect prey with well主观 goblets of water. The typical fish mainly lay their eggs at random, leaving them to take their chance, and most marine fish behave in a similar

fashion. There are a few, however, that show a degree of parental care, and this is exemplified best by freshwater fish such as sticklebacks, which build their nest of vegetation, or those fish which build rafts of bubbles to carry the eggs. But it is in sea-horses that the most complete parental care is found. The male sea-horse has a pouch in which the female lays her eggs, and it is young develop and grow ready for an independent life. Finally, and most remarkable of all, is the use of electricity by fish. Electric eels, which, by a discharge of electricity from their tails, can stun or kill their prey, are well known. But it is only within recent years that *Gymnarchus*, the Nile-fish, has been found to use a radar in its tail, enabling it to avoid obstacles when swimming backwards.

THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

OUR CONCERN.

By ALAN DENT.

THEY are our own immediate and pressing concern—the subjects of the two best of the recent films. What is to be done with the aged poor, who refuse to part with their pride? What is to be done with the Mau Mau in British East Africa?

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



CARLO BATTISTI AS AN INDIGENT OLD GENTLEMAN, WITH HIS LOYAL BLACK-AND-WHITE MONGREL DOG, IN A SCENE FROM "UMBERTO D." (CURZON), WHICH IS ONE OF THE FILMS WHICH IS DISCUSSED BY MR. DENT ON THIS PAGE.

In selecting Carlo Battisti as his choice for the outstanding film actor of the fortnight, Mr. Dent writes:—"The showing of Vittorio de Sica's masterly film 'Umberto D.' has long been deferred in this country for the reason that it is a tragedy of poverty—a subject and a treatment for which we are supposed to have no relish, howsoever presented. The film is drawing huge audiences to the Curzon Cinema, and is to be generally shown later. In the leading part Carlo Battisti gives a hauntingly fine performance. He has a worldly-wise humour in his dignity and ignominy, especially when he is vainly trying to malinger in a hospital. And in his half-hearted attempts to dispose of his one remaining friend, his dog, he achieves 'the true pathos and sublime of human life.'

It is in the nature of things that neither "Umberto D." (directed by Vittorio de Sica) nor "Simba" (directed by Brian Desmond Hurst) can offer any solution to these respective problems. The most that a work of art can do with a problem—and each of these films is a work of art, the first one outstandingly so—is to pose it clearly and without bias or sentimental falseness. Each of these two films poses its problem arrestingly, and leaves no end in sight. But we come away from both thoughtful rather than depressed or dismayed, and most certainly—if we have minds at all—without that shrug of the shoulders which signifies that these things are not our concern. They simply are our concern.

Let us first face "Simba," which deals with a problem which we can at least pretend is not our immediate concern—unless we happen to have friends or relatives living within a thousand miles of Nairobi.

This opens with a terse little scene which plays itself out in a matter of seconds, and is, in fact, over before the title and the credits of the film meet our eyes. We see a road set in flat, lion-coloured country with a mountain-range in the far distance. A young, quite decent-looking African comes along the road riding what looks like a brand-new English bicycle. The sun glows: the air is humming and serene. The African suddenly hears what sounds like a human groan. He dismounts and finds a white man's mangled body lying behind a bush. The African swiftly and

assuredly takes a cutlass or machete from his tunic, and despatches the white man with no further examination and with a single blow. He then remounts his bicycle and resumes his journey—impassively, with neither a smile or a scowl. He is gone, and we gaze for a further second at the lion-coloured landscape and at the distant mountains, with their one dominating snow-capped peak—aloof, austere, Olympian.

Nothing that follows is really much more than an elaboration of this single, direful, sparely-told incident. By implication we gather that the assassin (whom we never see again) may very easily be the long-serving and seeming-faithful henchman of the white man he has so coldly slaughtered (and whom we hear nothing more about). The oath of his secret society makes it impossible for him to have any real concern about any white man's condition, even that of his own employer.

A young Englishman (Dirk Bogarde) arrives in Kenya to find that his brother has just been foully murdered. His fury is tempered by his affection for an English girl (Virginia McKenna) who knew his brother and who works in a hospital-settlement run by a native doctor (Earl Cameron). The girl's parents (Basil Sydney and Marie Ney) are typical English settlers who "understand" their coloured boys and are looking forward to their first holiday at home for years. The young couple go for an outing into the hills, and in their absence the girl's parents are massacred by Mau Mau, the leader of the slaughter-party turning out to be the most trusted and likeable of their servants. Belligerent non-comprehending English officialdom is represented by a young police-inspector (Donald Sinden). His advice to the newcomer is to go home, and to the native doctor to shut up. The former's refusal to go home (his chief fault appears to be that his dead brother made the mistake of being "too kind" to the natives) brings him a clear warning that he is doomed to follow his brother. The doctor's refusal to "shut up" brings him a somewhat pointless martyrdom when he goes out to plead the cause of peace to a blood-lustful raiding-party with firebrands in their hands and murder in their hearts.

The scene at the end of "Simba," with a nick-of-time arrival of the police in jeeps to save handsome hero and devastatingly pretty heroine from cold-blooded butchery in hot flames, is the most ordinary film-tosh. But this ending is a pardonable concession to public taste for once in a way, and I have no compunction whatever in divulging the relief it brings, since people might otherwise be persuaded to stay away from this film in their understandable dislike of horrors unmitigated.

The scene at the end of "Umberto D." is much less of a concession. It amounts, in fact, to an Italian shrug

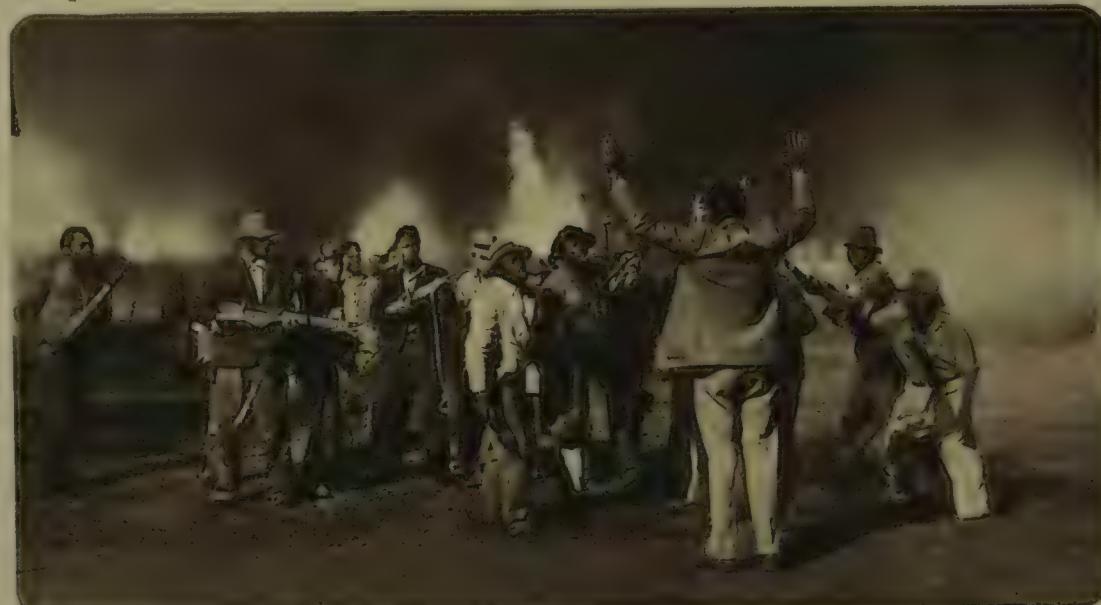
existence of indigent old women, gentle or otherwise, is not even indicated.) Umberto D. has one true friend in life in the existence of a little, loyal, black-and-white mongrel dog. This dog can beg, though his master cannot. Can he beg enough for a living for both of them?

The achievement of this beautifully-wrought little tragedy is that it is so deeply moving without any of the weak sentimentality to which its subject could seem to tempt it to lie prostrate. It is not at all prostrate: it stalks with dignity—like Umberto D. himself, or like his dog when it walks on its hind-feet. It is partly miraculously tactful direction, and partly some quite wonderfully tender and humane acting by Carlo Battisti as the old Civil Servant, which achieves this rare effect. The portrait evades sentimentality in its search and discovery of truth: the result is as searing as one of Rembrandt's self-portraits in old age. At its highest it is like a Rembrandt of King Lear.

Hardly less remarkable in its smaller way is the character of the little serving-maid in the squalid boarding-house where Umberto D. has the residence which he could easily bear to leave if only he had anywhere better, or even anywhere worse, to go. This girl has a kind of realistic poetry in her squalor which reminds us of Nicholas Maes as forcibly as her aged friend reminds us of Rembrandt. Doubtless the Italian audience finds her dilemma a subject of high comic relief—for the two great enemies in her life are (1) the fear of pregnancy and (2) a plague of beetles



A FILM WHICH DEALS WITH A PROBLEM WHICH WE CAN AT LEAST PRETEND IS NOT OUR IMMEDIATE CONCERN—UNLESS WE HAPPEN TO HAVE FRIENDS OR RELATIVES LIVING WITHIN A THOUSAND MILES OF NAIROBI: "SIMBA" (J. ARTHUR RANK ORGANISATION), SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH HOWARD AND MARY (DIRK BOGARDE AND VIRGINIA MCKENNA) RETURN HOME TO FIND THE HOUSE RANSACKED AND MARY'S PARENTS MURDERED.



FACING THE FRENZIED MAU MAU MOB WITH HIS MESSAGE OF PEACE: THE MAN-OF-PEACE KARANJA (EARL CAMERON) TAKES HIS LIFE IN HIS HANDS; A SCENE FROM "SIMBA," A FILM ABOUT LIFE IN KENYA TO-DAY, WHICH OPENED AT THE LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE ON JANUARY 20.

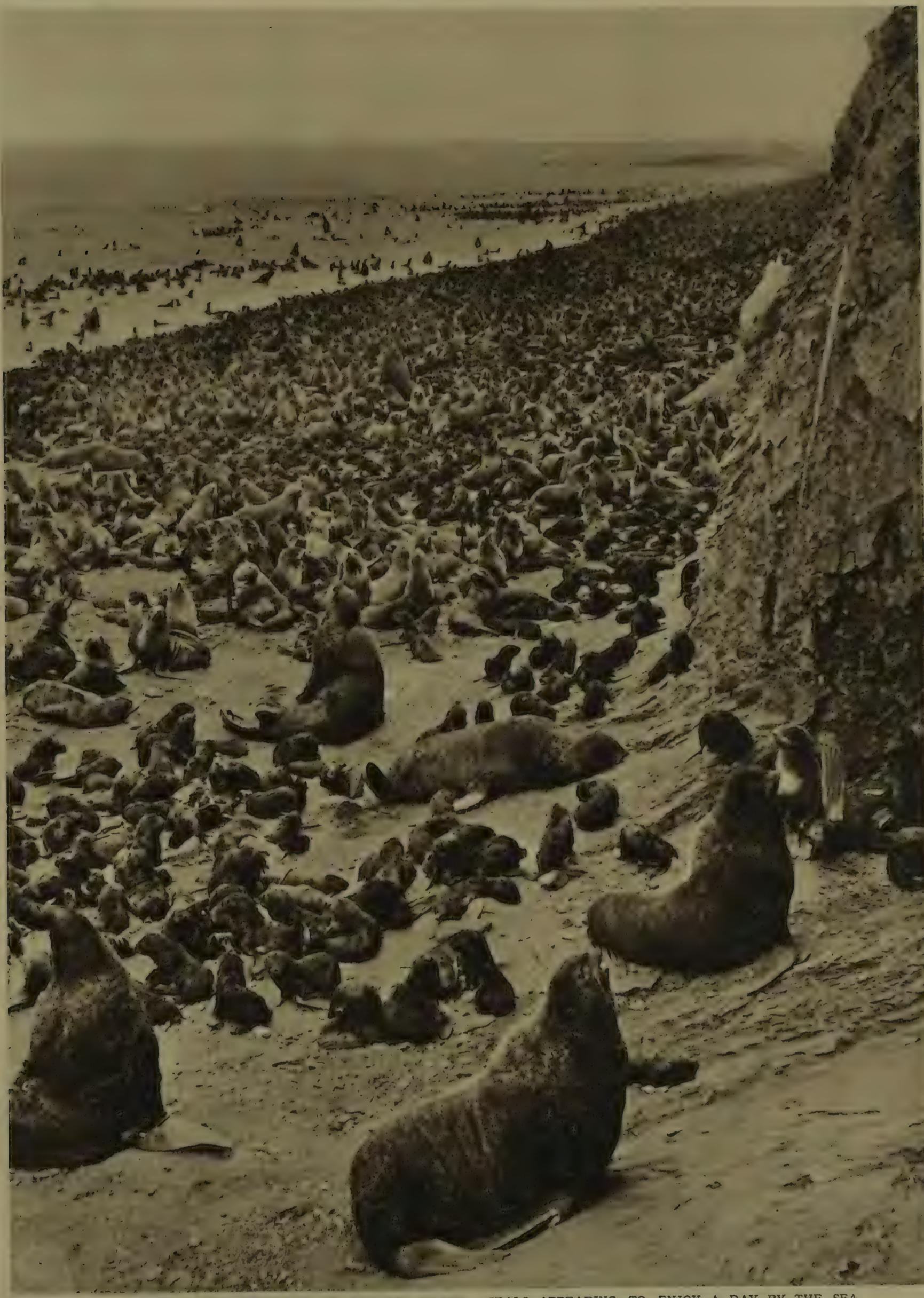
of the shoulders from Mr. de Sica himself to the effect, not that such a thing as the tragedy of unwanted old age does not exist, but that it is past repair, past cure. King Lear said it all in a bitter half-line to his cruel daughter: "Age is unnecessary."

Umberto D. is an indigent old gentleman in the Rome of to-day. We meet him first at a mass-meeting of old men, protesting against the inadequacy of the old-age pension, and broken up by the police. (It is an odd little indirect oversight in this film that the

more than "King Lear" does. It is tragedy unconditional and absolute; and I may add that I took great pleasure in noting that a great, packed audience relished it as such, made no kind of exodus until the film had reached its inexorable if indeterminate conclusion, and even—for once in a way—refrained from uttering that silly-sloppy sound of "Aw!" which is almost always heard whenever any object resembling a dog is seen to wag its tongue or its tail on stage or screen.)

in her kitchen. The first half of her problem has a dichotomy of its own. Should she marry the tall soldier from Naples or the short soldier from Florence? Which one is really the father of her impending babe? And will the one she chooses deny paternity ruefully or accept it with pride? Once again Mr. de Sica shows his masterly and fastidious skill, and his actress, Maria Pia Castilio, conforms with a composure which conceals a very considerable amount of finesse.

The deeper background of a ghastly handsome landlady who charms her husband-to-be with arias of Leoncavallo and Giordano and the like, comes nearer to our own ideas of comic relief. But "Umberto D." really calls for no comic relief, any



THE BLACKPOOL OR BRIGHTON OF TYULENI ISLAND: SEALS APPEARING TO ENJOY A DAY BY THE SEA.

On Tyuleni Island, at the entrance of Patience Bay, in the Sea of Okhotsk, there is a large rookery of fur seals (*Otaridae*). Here on one of the boulder-strewn beaches this photograph was taken. The strange scene it portrays bears a quite astonishing resemblance to a Bank Holiday afternoon at a popular seaside resort. While some of the family are swimming and paddling, others sit or lie on the beach with, no doubt, one eye on the antics of the youngest children, who are

playing together at the foot of the rocky cliff. About the only things which are missing are deck-chairs and picnic baskets, but for all that the animals seem to be enjoying the other delights of a day by the sea. Patience Bay is on the east coast of Sakhalin Island. In 1945, after the defeat of Japan, the southern half of Sakhalin and the Kurile Islands were, by agreement with the Allies, incorporated in the U.S.S.R.

HERE AND THERE: A PICTORIAL RECORD OF NEWS EVENTS FROM BRITAIN AND FRANCE.



LAVING A PIPE-LINE 180 MILES LONG TO BRING HOUSEHOLD GAS TO PARIS.

This section of pipe-line is part of an engineering project to bring household gas to Paris from the industrial coke plants of Lorraine, together with "waste" gas from steel mills. Some of about a total of 1,000,000 cubic meters will come from the Saar. It is expected to be operating shortly.



WITH THE RARE YELLOW-HEADED PICATHARTES WHICH HE BROUGHT FROM AFRICA: HEAD KEEPER WOODS. One of the London Zoo's rarest birds has now been put on view to the public for the first time. This is the yellow-headed *Picathartes*, which was reared from a nestling and brought back to this country by Head Keeper Woods, who was a member of the recent animal-collecting expedition to West Africa.



A BRITISH MICROFILM BOOK PROJECTOR, FOR USE IN HOSPITALS. WALLS OR CEILINGS CAN BE USED AS THE SCREEN. In our issue of January 15 we showed a Swedish book projector for use in hospitals. The example here is one of those lent by the St. John and British Red Cross Library Department for the use of disabled hospital patients in this country. Over 600 books have been microfilmed for the purpose.



THE MARRIED QUARTERS CARAVAN SITE AT FORD R.N. AIR STATION, WHERE A CRASH-LANDING AIRCRAFT KILLED TWO PETTY OFFICERS AND THE WIFE OF ONE OF THEM. On January 25 a Hawker Hunter aircraft on a routine test-flight from Dunsfold crash-landed at the Royal Naval Air station at Ford, in Sussex. The aircraft suddenly spun off the side of the runway and crashed into two caravans, forming part of the Station's married quarters. A chief petty officer and his wife and another petty officer were killed and a child suffered slight injuries. The pilot of the Hunter received minor injuries. The aircraft went on through a hedge, across a road, and ended in a field.



LESS NOISE! A WESTLAND WHIRLWIND HELICOPTER, FITTED WITH A SPECIAL EXHAUST SILENCER, UNDERGOING TESTS OVER LONDON.

In view of the complaints of noise made by helicopters flying over Central London, tests were carried out on January 24 with a Westland Whirlwind helicopter fitted with a silencer and an impressive demonstration was watched by Sir Edward Boyle, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Supply, and Mr. J. Profumo, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation. The helicopter flew over County Hall and the Houses of Commons so that people inside could judge the noise.



RECENTLY PUT INTO OPERATION BY THE TAIL-WAGGERS' CLUB IN LONDON: A SPECIALLY MODIFIED AUSTIN A.40 VAN USED FOR FINDING LOST ANIMALS.

The Tail-Waggers' Club in London is now using this specially modified Austin A.40 van in their search for lost animals. If a club member gives information to the search organisation, the van is sent out to the district with a description of the lost animal on the side.



AFTER AN EXPLOSION WHICH INJURED NINE PEOPLE: THE TORN-UP PAVEMENT OUTSIDE CADBY HALL, HAMMERSMITH, THE H.Q. OF J. LYONS AND CO., THE CATERERS.

Paving-stones were ripped up for about 40 yards in Hammersmith Road, London, after an explosion in a refrigerator plant for ice-cream and food in the basement of Cadby Hall on January 28. The force of the blast blew one paving-stone through the roof of a passing bus.

THE RANGE OF CANADIAN ART: WORKS RECENTLY SHOWN IN LONDON.



"SUNDAY, CAP A L'AIGLE"; BY FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE, R.C.A., BORN IN 1909 IN TORONTO. (40 by 30 ins.) (Laing Galleries.)



"THE ROAD TO BEDARDS MILL"; BY FREDERICK S. COBURN, R.C.A. BORN IN 1871 HE IS NOTED FOR HIS QUEBEC LANDSCAPES. (40 by 24½ ins.) (National Gallery of Canada.)



"SOUTH PEAK, MOUNT VICTORIA"; BY LAWREN HARRIS, B. 1885, MEMBER OF THE ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS. (36 by 51½ ins.) (Laing Galleries.)



"TWO YOUNG PEOPLE"; BY GRANT MACDONALD, AN ARTIST WHO WAS BORN IN MONTREAL IN 1909. (23½ by 29½ ins.) Laing Galleries.



"MEXICAN WOMEN"; BY R. YORK WILSON, O.S.A., R.C.A., A SELF-TAUGHT ARTIST BORN IN TORONTO IN 1907. (23½ by 31½ ins.) (Laing Galleries.)



"ESKIMOS, BAFFIN LAND"; BY HAROLD BEAMENT, R.C.A. BORN IN OTTAWA IN 1898, HE WAS OFFICIAL WAR ARTIST DURING WORLD WAR II, AND HAS HELD EXHIBITIONS IN ENGLAND. (40 by 30 ins.) (Laing Galleries.)



"PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC"; BY ROBERT PILOT, M.B.E., THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS; BORN IN 1897 AT ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND. (32 by 23½ ins.) (Laing Galleries.)

London has recently enjoyed the opportunity of seeing an Exhibition of Canadian Painting. Held at Fortnum and Mason's galleries, it was opened by Field Marshal Lord Alexander and Lady Alexander, and was due to close yesterday, February 4. The exhibition was sponsored by the Agent-General for Ontario, and the majority of pictures on view, generously lent by private owners and public galleries, were assembled in Canada by Mr. G. Blair Laing, of Toronto. Though traditional, modern and abstract paintings were included, it was not possible to cover the whole range of Canadian art which, as was pointed out in the catalogue, though "still young, is developing under native encouragement and patronage." Canada's pioneer artist, Cornelius Kreighoff (1815-1872), was represented by four paintings; and Mr. Robert Pilot, President of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts by three. One of the last-named was lent by

F. M. Lord Alexander and one by Sir Winston Churchill. Mr. Pilot, born in Newfoundland, studied in Canada and France and has painted in various European countries as well as in his native land. The wild and awe-inspiring scenery of parts of the Dominion provides striking subjects for her painters, and they have also recorded architectural views of towns, and domestic and *genre* scenes. Mr. Lawren Harris, whose impressive "South Peak, Mount Victoria" we reproduce, now devotes himself to abstract art. It is interesting to recall that Mr. Grant Macdonald, Montreal-born painter, studied in London and drew theatrical portraits for various periodicals, including *The Sketch*. Mr. Franklin Arbuckle, who studied at the Ontario College of Art, is one of the leading illustrators of the Canadian scene and has painted widely in all parts of the country. He is noted for the wit and charm of his *genre* pictures.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

BOOKS have, alas, their fates—but perhaps none so strikingly as foreign novels on English ground. Only a flaming European best-seller can be relied upon to get here promptly, or, indeed, at all; while, on the other hand, only an outsize time-lag—the lapse of half a century or more—guarantees a high order of merit. Apart from that, everything goes by luck; and we had no right to expect “The Liar,” by Martin Hansen (Dent; 11s. 6d.), which is actually post-war. Though, to be sure, the author is a leading name in his own country, though he has obviously a rare gift, and though the present novel (as we learn) has been translated into French, German and Dutch. But now perhaps we may go on to something earlier, and bigger. This is a slight, a gracie work; it was, in fact, written for broadcasting. Which gives one a distressingly high notion of the Danish public: of its regard for style, and of the sensibility and quickness of its mental ear.

For while “The Liar” offers us, in form, only a rather teasing little drama on a tiny stage, it is a work of art all through—and, in another sense, it has no bounds. Its minute theatre, the isle of Sandoe, might be the “circle of the earth.” Though only two miles long and a mile broad, it contains everything: present and past, the world of nature and the forgotten story of mankind. Johannes Vig, its schoolmaster and parish clerk, does not belong; he has been “blown” on to the island like a withered leaf—or like the human soul, which is an immigrant and stranger in this world. Nevertheless, he is the local expert and historian. His tale starts with a weather-change; indeed, it is about a weather-change. “Thirteenth of March, and a fog, so thick that you might stir it with a ladle, completely hides the island of Sandoe. . . . We have had fog before, while the ice has surrounded the island, but not this mild, wet fog, Nathaniel. . . . The ice has closed us in for forty years. For forty years . . .” Or forty days, as it turns out; or perhaps four years, in another meaning? . . . For, as I said, this is a post-war novel. But short or long, its little ice-age has the effect of a wide gap, making all earlier events seem long ago. And while the ice remained, there could be none. Now, life and movement will start up again, bringing “a heap of trouble.” The engineer, Annemari’s new sweetheart, will be going away; and her fiancé Oluf, little Tom’s father, will be coming back; and then what does she mean to do? Johannes is in love with her himself—or so he thinks. He has been teasing and evading her, and even sheltering behind the engineer, for Oluf’s sake, because the lad is an old pupil. All very fine; but, then, he has a secret string up at the Headlands—Rigmor, his “demon love” . . . and there are other flaws. And underneath, there is a deeper crisis. He has been ice-bound forty years; and he may drink himself to death, unless the unclean spirit is ejected “when the woodcock comes.”

This is a local superstition; but it is also a real bird. Without the nature-incident and metaphor—without an exact Sandoe; in an actual thaw—the whole book would evaporate.

OTHER FICTION.

“Violent Ends,” by Georges Simenon (Hamish Hamilton; 10s. 6d.), lays no such onus on the critic. It is, of course, the well-known thing: and yet not quite, since here the author has transferred himself to his new country. So the first question is, will his American backgrounds have the virtuosity of all the rest? They have indeed; he might have been presenting them from his youth up. But more surprisingly, under this hackneyed miracle of sameness one can detect a change. I won’t say that the stories in this volume have a new ingredient, but they are somehow easier to tell apart. Mostly, I am no good at this; I admire Simenon *en bloc*, without much judgment or distinction. Yet here, all seems to be plain as day. *Belle* is the disappointing one; it is about the murder of a girl, under the roof of a New England schoolmaster. Ashby had scarcely noticed her around; he is a quiet and guileless Puritan, with a nice wife of his own breed. And yet to his dismay, no one regards him as “improbable.” They all assume he may have done it; and, what is more, one of their circle must have done it. . . . For the first time he has a revelation of the seamy side, under the thin skin of morality and “niceness.” . . . And then the tale goes off, and becomes standard Simenon. Whereas “The Brothers Rico” (but for one questionable point) is a success all through. The Ricos all work for the “organisation,” though in different spheres. Tony just drives a car; Gino is the instinctive killer, Eddie the docile, bourgeois *arriviste*. Then Tony disappears—and Eddie has to track him down. A fine tale of reluctant baseness: only I don’t believe he would have got that vital hint out of “Mamma.” But to make up, there is a curiously thrilling touch about his father. . . .

“The Brute Streets,” by John Prebble (Secker and Warburg; 12s. 6d.), concerns a “little man”—ex-Regular, now office-cleaner—who has been waiting six years for his Russian bride. And at last something happens; she is kidnapped. Jimmy, though constancy itself, had in a manner settled down; now he is all churned up again. Worse still, he is a public figure. People come thronging to his aid: Miss Stainforth, flaming amateur of the lost cause, Howard, the drifting, miserable ex-Communist, Haldane, the Fascist “brontosaurus.” . . . All, even Jimmy, know their petitions, rallies and the rest of it will do no good; yet they won’t stop, till in the end they have destroyed him. They are all drawn with insight and compassion. The style is excellent; the London detail has aesthetic charm. But as a story it won’t flow, and the conclusion is too galvanised.

“Hell is a City,” by Maurice Procter (Hutchinson; 9s. 6d.), has clapped an off-putting title on an exceptionally good, workaday and yet thrilling tale by an ex-police-man. In a vast northern city, labelled “Granchester,” an act of robbery with violence leads to the death of a young girl. Just then, Inspector Martineau is wrapped up in the Starling case; Starling, his lifelong enemy, has broken gaol. But it is Martineau who finds the girl, and soon the two problems converge. Now we are with the police, now with Don Starling and his gang: self-advertised, “green-handed” murderers, though they don’t know it. There is a wealth of detail about police work and the world of crime. Well written without frills, and advised strongly.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

MANY WORLDS.

IT would be unfair to describe Sir Owen O’Malley as “the husband of Ann Bridge,” famous as Lady O’Malley’s writings rightly are, because he has won fame in his own right in a distinguished and unusually varied diplomatic career. Sir Owen now produces one of the more readable of recent diplomatic autobiographies in “The Phantom Caravan” (Murray; 21s.). It is a lively book, written throughout with gentle humour. It covers a wide range. Sir Owen gives one of the most sympathetic pictures of Curzon as Foreign Secretary which have appeared since Sir Harold Nicolson’s “Some People.” He deals with dignity with the “Franks Case,” which led to the cashiering of one of his colleagues in the Foreign Office, and to his enforced resignation, which was, however, later (and properly) not insisted on by the Government. The “Franks Case,” which I still remember, was an unfortunate affair, and Sir Owen might have been forgiven if he had omitted it altogether. However, he tackles it as manfully as, at the time, he tackled this shattering blow to his pride and his honour, and emerges without a stain on that honour. With disarming candour, Sir Owen suggests that he was sometimes intolerant to the point of indiscretion, but, as he rightly points out, any service such as the Foreign Service needs a few outspoken rebels if it is not to lapse into mere complacent bureaucracy. And, anyhow, his intolerance (to my mind) is about the right things. He writes interestingly of pre-war China and of immediate pre-war Spain, giving at least two admirable examples of the more estimable side of the Spanish character, and with affection of Hungary before the Germans came in. During the war he was Ambassador to the exiled Polish Government, and draws attention to the abominable treatment of the Poles by our Russian “allies.” Sir Owen was told by a friend of his in the Foreign Service that one of the reasons why he was retired at the age of sixty instead of going to a first-class Embassy until sixty-five, was that he was “right too often too soon.” He certainly seems to have earned that compliment over the Russians, and his hatred of them can be forgiven to one whose last news of an old friend, the widow of Stephen Bethlen, the great Hungarian Prime Minister, was that she was being used as a scarecrow on a Hungarian farm, with branches tied to her arms and feathers stuck in her hair. Sir Owen is now settled in pleasant retirement in County Mayo. This stimulating book, not always kind to the Whitehall machine, covers, however, a career of which he says: “What fun it all was!” Certainly the book is.

A writer who would certainly agree with Sir Owen’s views on the Russians is Mr. Antoni Ekart, the author of “Vanished Without Trace” (Parrish; 16s.). Mr. Ekart is a Polish engineer who fell into the hands of the Russians and from 1940 to 1947 was in a series of Soviet concentration and labour camps. He was, in fact, one of the 25,000,000 expendable workers on whom, as he points out, the Soviet system depends, and the supply of which is inexhaustible. It is not so much the tale of his sufferings (for while they are horrible, that story is, alas, becoming all too familiar); it is his analysis of the Russian character, and of the Soviet system, which makes the book so interesting. There can, it is clear, be no abolition of the Soviet slave labour system, because on the supply of slaves, maintained at starvation level and completely expendable, the whole economic system of Russian Communism depends. A book like this, written sincerely, objectively and without bitterness, makes the public outcry against the television play, “1984,” seem particularly silly.

A gentle and charming book by a charming and scholarly writer is Mr. Ivor Brown’s “The Way of my World” (Collins; 16s.). Mr. Ivor Brown is one of the more admirable repositories of the old Liberal tradition—a tradition which has permeated the best of the two great political parties but which, as he tacitly and ruefully admits, has not, in its purest form, proved strong enough to stand up to an extremism which embraces more than half the world, and which threatens the remainder. Mr. Ivor Brown’s book is, as its title implies, autobiographical and covers his Sedbergh and university days and his long and distinguished career in Fleet Street, beginning in that school for literary and journalistic heroes, “The New Age,” under Orage. There are whole pages, indeed whole chapters, which I would like to quote. As it is I can only suggest that to admit this book to your shelves will be like admitting a delightful new friend to your house.

I see that Mr. Hector Bolitho’s “Jinnah” (Murray; 18s.) has been criticised by some on the grounds that it presupposes too close a knowledge of affairs and recent history in the Indian sub-continent. This is, to my mind, an invalid criticism of a most interesting book. Pakistan, and its creator Mohammed Ali Jinnah, have not had the publicity which India and Pandit Nehru have obtained. This is partly due to the fact that traditionally the Pakistanis are men of the sword rather than the pen, partly because Pakistan is poorer and possesses, in Karachi, only one port, which is scarcely comparable with either Bombay or Calcutta, but principally because the Indian Prime Minister is highly skilled in the art of public relations. Moreover, Jinnah is dead and Pandit Nehru is very much alive. Mr. Bolitho’s book, therefore, is the more timely in that it should do much to bring the affairs of the two great Indian nations into better perspective. Jinnah was a man of inflexible determination, and his death, and that of Liaquat Ali Khan, were two successive blows to the infant Pakistani State from which it has never wholly recovered. When the history of Asia’s post-World War II. comes to be written, the question of what would have happened had he lived will be one of its most fascinating “ifs.” In the meantime, Mr. Bolitho has written a most satisfying first instalment.

Major-General Geoffrey Brooke, the author of “Good Company” (Constable; 21s.), is well known as an author of a number of excellent books on horses and riding. He now has gathered much of his equestrian wisdom together, with a host of anecdotes of war and peace, in his autobiography. It is good, breezy stuff (the chapters on Ireland and hunting and racing there make particularly good reading), and one puts it down feeling that one has had a fine, exhilarating gallop in the General’s company.

E. D. O’BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

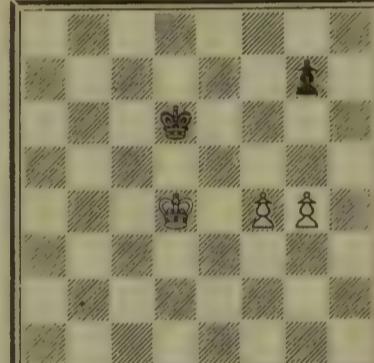
By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

If you know the moves of the king and pawns and understand what is meant by check, you can understand this article and, with application, comprehend the instructive mistake that a world champion made—so DON’T by-pass us, please, merely because you are not a strong player!

SUCH was the ascendancy of Capablanca in his day that the perfectly natural discovery of a number of flaws in his games and writings since his death has administered quite severe jolts to the faith of his admirers. That he went wrong, for instance, in print in his “Chess Fundamentals” over the almost elementary end-game of the diagram has caused, in certain quarters, something approaching horror.

In my opinion, Capablanca deliberately fostered the legend of his infallibility during his lifetime; and richly did this legend serve him. Opponents were overawed before a move had been played; his books were conceded, by some starry-eyed disciples, the authority of the Bible. Ah, well! They are hacking away at the Bible nowadays, so I suppose we can hardly spare a tear for Capablanca.

(Black).



(White).

In the 1921 edition of his great classic he wrote that White could not win by 1. P-B5 in the diagrammed position because of the clever reply—1. . . . P-Kt3. He then went on to give an eighteen-move continuation starting prefacing P-B5 by 1. K-K4, K-K3, which does win.

After 1. P-B5, P-Kt3; 2. P×P, thought Capablanca, Black could cross the board on his third rank, win the pawn on his Kt3, then confront White with the “opposition.” For example, 2. . . . K-K3; 3. K-K4, K-B3; 4. P-K7 (the pawn being doomed anyway, it clearly pays to use its dying to gain some ground), K×P; 5. K-B5, K-B2. Black has gained “the opposition” and—there is really no arguing with this, it is a standard situation which has been incessantly examined through the centuries—White cannot win now unless Black makes a mistake. Play might continue, for instance, 6. P-Kt5, K-Kt2; 7. P-Kt6, and now whereas 7. . . . K-Kt1 draws (8. K-B6, K-B1; 9. P-Kt7ch, K-Kt1; 10. K-Kt6—what else?—stalemate), 7. . . . K-B1 would lose; 8. K-B6, K-Kt1; 9. P-Kt7, K-R2; 10. K-B7, etc.

Going back to the diagram, how, then, can White win after 1. P-B5, P-Kt3; 2. P×P . . . ? By answering 2. . . . K-K3 by 3. P-Kt5! Obviously Capablanca did not consider this move for a moment, because, once considered at all, its effectiveness would be perceived in a flash.

Now, since 3. . . . K-B4 would allow 4. P-Kt7 and the queening of the pawn next move, Black must give ground with his king.

This in itself need not be disastrous, but White can always answer . . . K-B1 by K-B6, so avoiding the stalemate mentioned above; and this factor does make it hopeless for Black.

is dead and Pandit Nehru is very much alive. Mr. Bolitho’s book, therefore, is the more timely in that it should do much to bring the affairs of the two great Indian nations into better perspective. Jinnah was a man of inflexible determination, and his death, and that of Liaquat Ali Khan, were two successive blows to the infant Pakistani State from which it has never wholly recovered. When the history of Asia’s post-World War II. comes to be written, the question of what would have happened had he lived will be one of its most fascinating “ifs.” In the meantime, Mr. Bolitho has written a most satisfying first instalment.

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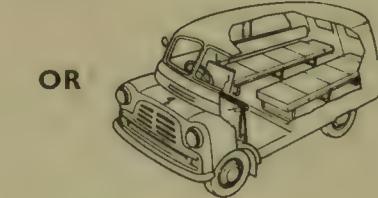


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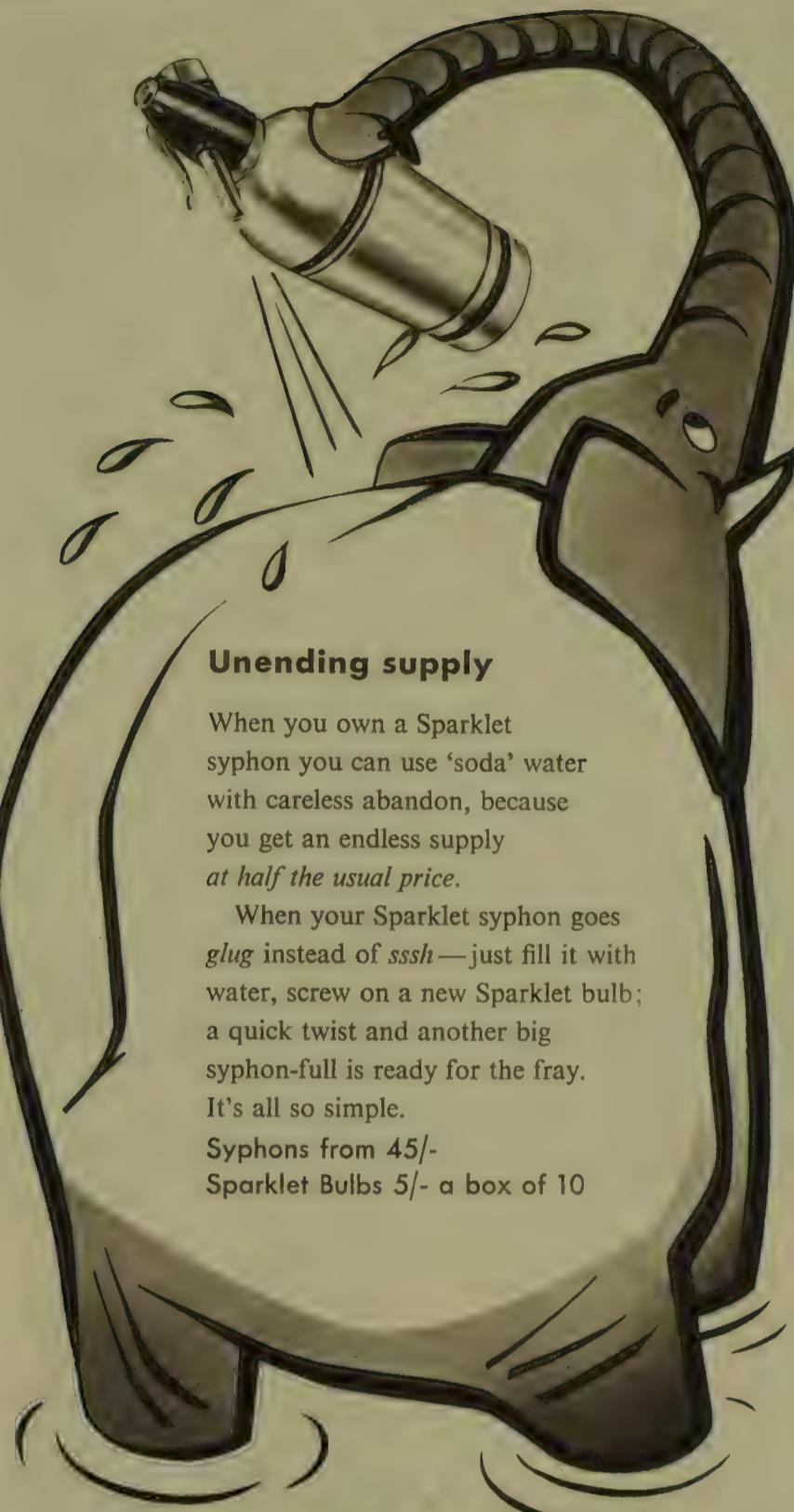
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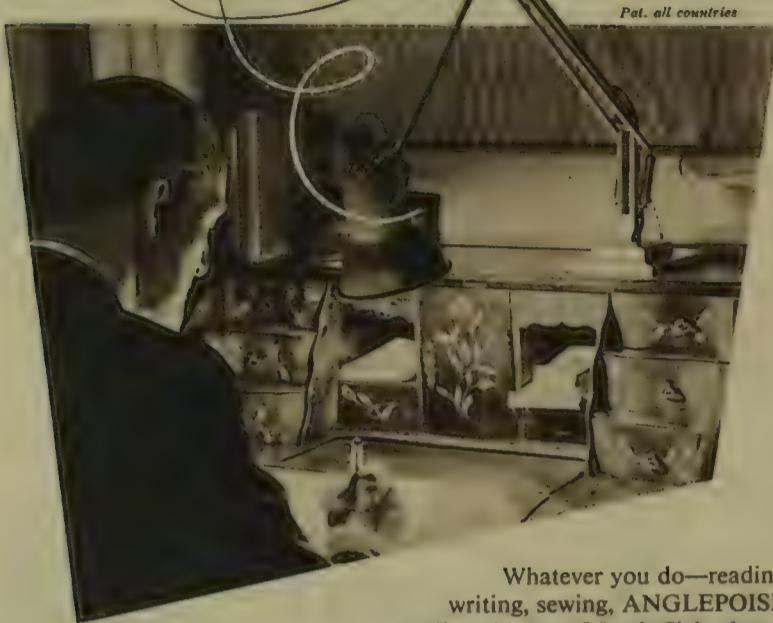
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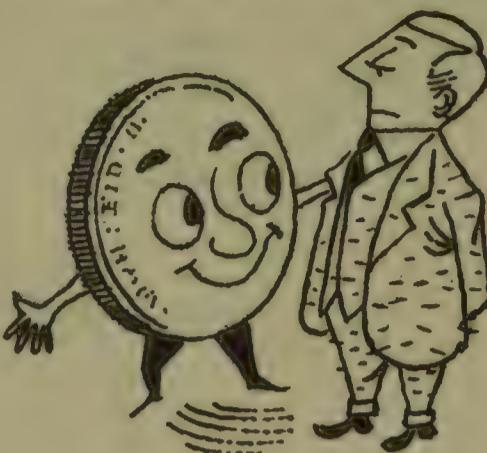
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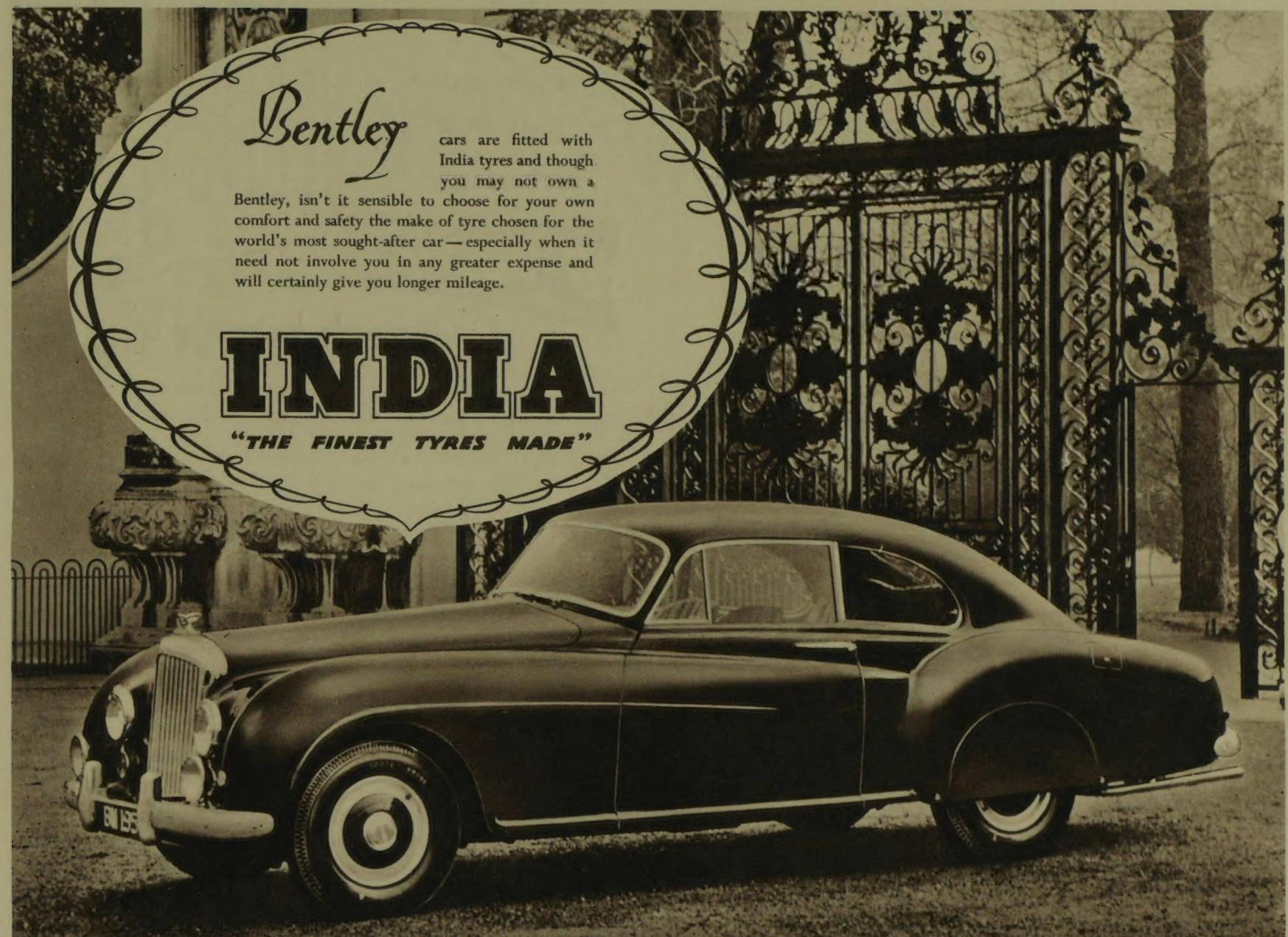
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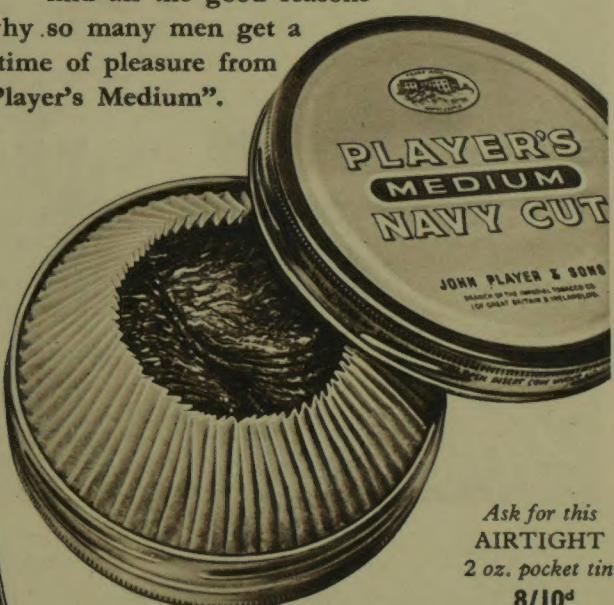
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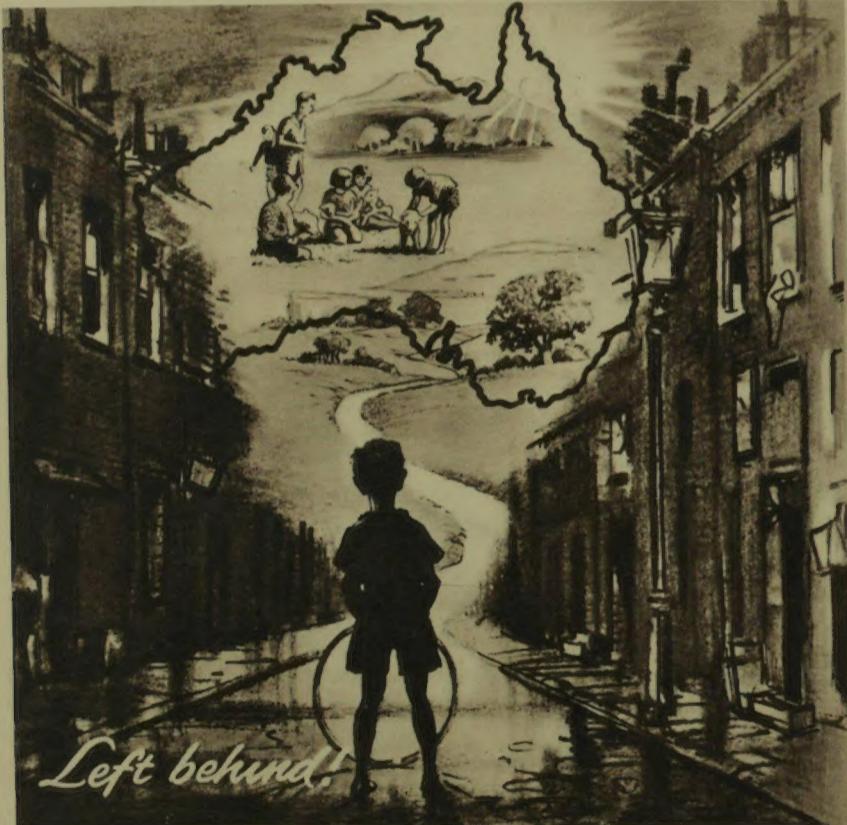
SMITHREENS

On February 7th, 1845, a visitor to the British Museum broke the Portland Vase. For many years we had believed that the miscreant was an Irishman named Smithers, and that this was the origin of the good word 'smithereens'. Minute study of the evidence, however, reveals that it was a Mr. William Lloyd, that he pleaded 'delirium arising from habitual intemperance', and that he got off with a fine of £3, the cost of the glass case under which the vase stood. Which leaves us nowhere on the philology of 'smithereens', but reminds us of a sad between-the-wars incident. A man in England was expecting a present—a decanter and some glasses—from Vienna. But when the parcel arrived, a gentle shake told him that at least some of the glassware had, in the phrase that was later to become popular, had it. Indeed everything was smashed. Decanter and glasses, they had all had it. Smithereens. The man lifted it all up in its own winding sheets of brown paper, to transfer to the dustbin, when he noticed a label stuck on an inner wrapping. It was the Viennese shop's warning to all English-speaking handlers of the consignment. It read simply, INEXPRESSIBLY BREAKLY.



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